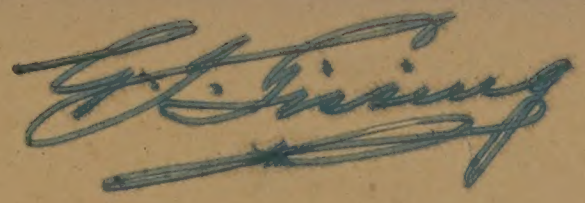
THE
LITERARY
SOUVENIR



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THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR,

AND

CABINET

OF

MODERN ART.

A. E. Chalon, R. A. pinx.t — *M. J. Danforth, sculp.t*

"Thy mother! sweet I'll be thy mother!
Oh envied lot! oh joy! extatic thought!"

Gismunda da Mendelsis.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY
WHITTAKER & Co. AVE MARIA LANE.

Georgina Strahan
Combe Abbey 1835

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR,

AND

Cabinet of Modern Art.

EDITED BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

New Series.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY WHITTAKER AND CO. AVE-MARIA LANE.
MDCCCXXXV.

1835

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

TO

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

This Volume is inscribed,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE ESTEEM

IN WHICH HIS GENIUS AND CHARACTER

ARE HELD

BY THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

With the year 1835, the Literary Souvenir begins a new epoch of its existence. In separating itself from the class of publications with which it has been so long associated; laying aside their livery, and adopting a new form, and, to a certain extent, a new character; a brief exposition of the views and intentions of its Proprietor may not be deemed irrelevant.

The work will continue to be published, as heretofore, yearly; but, instead of ten, each volume will contain no fewer than twenty-five engravings, from subjects selected from the finest and most characteristic specimens of the modern British and French Schools of Painting; and illustrated, chiefly, as far as its prose department is concerned, by notices and anecdotes of the respective artists and their works.

The inconvenience of appending elaborate tales, written for the purpose, to engravings from the most celebrated pictures of the day, has been admitted on all hands. The space that can be afforded, in a volume containing the number of embellishments which will be found interspersed throughout the following pages, must, of necessity, restrict a writer to limits, in which it is utterly impossible for him to develope the incidents of a fictitious narrative with any chance of success. Instead, therefore, of accompanying the splendid prints after Howard, Stothard, Westall, and others, with prose stories written to order, a few slight sketches of the artists and their Art have been appended to them; and will, it is hoped, be considered better adapted for the occasion than mere novelettes; which, for the reasons already specified, can seldom be worthy of the society into which they are drafted. Not so, however, with poetry, which, without entering into minute detail, may illustrate, in a page, the true spirit of a picture; and which, being a branch of the Fine Arts itself, is less out of place in such a work. A poem, moreover, if it be good for any thing, will bear reading a second time,

which is more than can often be said of a prose tale, come from whatever quarter it may, which must fall under the shears of Procrustes, and be shorn, till nothing but the bald facts are allowed to remain, in order that it may fit the niche it is destined to occupy.

Circumstances over which the Editor has had no control, have retarded the publication of his work considerably beyond the time at which it was originally announced to appear; but although he expects, for the future, to be enabled to complete it somewhat earlier in the season, it is no part of his intention, for the sake of running a race with other illustrated publications for priority of appearance, to send forth his engravings until they are in as finished a state as possible. Those who purchase books of this class, for presents to their friends, will not like a work the less for possessing the charm of novelty at the actual period at which such tokens are principally in demand.

The embellishments will speak, or rather have spoken, for themselves. The unanimous opinion which has al-

ready been pronounced upon their merits, both of design and execution, obviates the necessity of directing particular attention to them in this place. The object of the Editor has been, to include as much variety of character in his subjects as seemed compatible with the selection of really favourable specimens of the respective artists; and, having had the pleasure of an uninterrupted and agreeable intercourse, for many years, with most of the leading painters of the day, he has enjoyed facilities of which few persons are enabled to boast; and the labour of selecting designs for his work has been thus so far sweetened, as to have become one of the pleasantest and most delightful of his pursuits. He may, therefore, be considered entitled to the credit of having conducted this department of his volume *con amore*.

58. Torrington Square,
December 21st.

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THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

HERE let me rest; a dewy fragrance breathes,
In gentlest whispers, from the plains around,
Whilst o'er my head, in green and graceful wreaths,
The o'erarching vine its wandering shoots hath wound:
What rainbow hues yon bright horizon bound!
What golden gleams yon sleeping spires invest!
Here let me pause, — it is enchanted ground!
Hence, let me brood upon yon burning West,
Where sun-touched Florence lies like Love on Beauty's breast!

II.

But not alone to chain the roving eye,
Doth yon fair scene its magic marvels spread;
It hath a holier spell, a charm more high —
The haunt, the birthplace of the glorious dead!
There Raffaelle oft his heavenly fancy fed
With thoughts and visions all too pure for earth;
There Buonaroti's dreams, — of darkness bred,
And Hell's wild grandeur, — taste-sublimed had birth;
Two bright but differing stars, of kindred fame and worth.

III.

Unequalled masters of that Art divine
Which makes our visions palpable as bright!
'Neath whose keen eye, and touch creative, shine
Unnumbered shapes of wonder and delight; —
Surpassing rivals in fame's boundless flight;
Twin heirs of Genius and her broad domain;
One, seeking sunshine in the realms of light,
The other, courting Horror's grisly train,
And drawing strength from Hate, sublimity from Pain!

IV.

Transcendent Raffaelle, thy accomplished mind,
Irradiate, teemed with beauty, love, and grace!
What pure simplicity, by taste refined,
In all thy forms, the studious eye may trace!
What seraph brightness breathes from every face
Thy glowing mind hath on thy canvass poured;
How doth thy might his humbled heart abase,
Who seeks, a votary true, thy shrine adored,
To win a touch, a charm, — and his despair record!

V.

Nor less his fame, to whose proud hand 't was given,
The Judgment Day's terrific tale to tell;
Who, if he sometimes caught his fire from Heaven,
Would oftener snatch it from the depths of Hell;
The fiercer passions owned his wondrous spell;
Titanic grief that will not yield to Time;
Revenge, Remorse, and Hate unquenchable, —
The weltering offspring of Despair and Crime, —
Touched by his wand, uprise in agony sublime!

VI.

But, lo! what Vision bursts upon my sight!
What shapes, what hues, yon opening doors unfold!
What rainbow forms are glancing in the light
Showered from yon gorgeous roof of fretted gold!
Whence spring the dazzling tints I now behold?
Where am I, where? — I live, I breathe again!
What glorious triumphs of the days of old
Are gathered 'round: Ausonia, France, and Spain,
Your brightest dreams I see; I have not toiled in vain!

VII.

There Guido's Mary looks in faith on high;
There Salvi's Nun in silent prayer doth bow;
There Claude's bright rippling wave and sunset sky,
Salvator's storm-rent rock and mountain brow,
And Poussin's classic glooms are gathering now; —
There Carlo Dolci's matchless anguish droops;
There golden Titian's living beauties glow;
There graceful Watteau spreads his courtly groups;
And 'neath his ponderous Cross Del Sarto's Saviour stoops!

VIII.

There bright Giorgione's blue-eyed consort shines,
A rival star to Titian's gay brunette;
There pure Coreggio's reading mourner pines;
And crystal Cuyp's delicious sun hath set;
There Spagnoletto's dying Anchoret,
And Caravaggio's slaughtered Martyrs lie;
There deep clear Ruysdael's Twilight lingers yet;
Romano's battle steeds are thundering by;
And Cagliari's Feast salutes the broad blue sky!

IX.

There, too, Albano's Sea Nymphs float along ;
Guercino's Hagar sheds upbraiding tears ;
Piombo's Lazar in his faith is strong ;
And Vinci's Judith still the charger bears ; —
There polished Teniers' festive evening wears ;
Velasquez' Infant smiles in fadeless youth ;
Zampieri's Sybil lifts the veil of years ;
Hobbema's sunlit slopes, and mill-stream smooth,
And Rembrandt's shadowy power, reflect immortal truth !

X.

And more, yet more ; the fierce Giotto there,
His victim tortured, triumphs in his pain ;
There Mazzuoli's Vision, bright and fair,
From robber-spoilers hath escaped again ;
And Berretino's Sabines shriek in vain !
There, full of faith, the good St. Bruno dies ;
There Snyders' yelling bloodhounds burst their chain ;
There gorgeous Rubens' emblemed Triumphs rise ;
And Vandyck's Charles uplifts his mild, reproachful eyes.

XI.

The sun hath sunk behind yon city gay,
Where purple hues are fleckering all the sky ;
And Twilight weaves her web of night and day ;
And one by one the stars look out on high ;
But as the feathery clouds sail slowly by
The crimson flush that tracks their monarch's way,
Each snow-white billow takes a deeper dye,
Each silvery wreath grows brighter in the ray,
'Till all have shared the spell, and, smiling, passed away !

XII.

And thus my heart, when I have ceased to gaze,
Enchanting Florence, on thy fanes sublime,
Will strive to trace the bright, immortal blaze
That rises round thee from the depths of Time!
And though I leave thee for a colder clime;
Still memory's halo, lingering pensively,
Shall steep my soaring visions as they climb;
Till many an aim, wish, feeling, hope shall be
To brighter issues touched by thoughts of thine and thee!

NOTES TO "THE PAINTER'S DREAM."

Stanza 4. line 1.

Transcendent Raffaelle, thy accomplished mind,

The "Transfiguration" was Raffaelle's last work. It was painted for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, and was intended to have been transported to Narbonne in France, of which city he was then archbishop; but having employed Sebastian del Piombo, at the same time, to paint the "Resurrection of Lazarus," that picture was sent in its stead, and the "Transfiguration" was placed at the High Altar of St. Pietro in Montorio. The price Raffaelle was to have received for it was 655 ducats (330*l.* sterling): part of this sum was due at the time of his death, and was afterwards paid to Giulio Romano, as one of his heirs. Dignity, beauty, modesty, and grace, are the characteristics of all the female heads from the pencil of this great painter.

Stanza 5. lines 1, 2.

Nor less his fame, to whose proud hand 't was given,
The Judgment Day's terrific tale to tell;

The design of the Last Judgment was made at the instance of Clement VII., with a view of completing the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, which Julius II. had so munificently promoted. The death of Clement left the execution of the work to his successor, Paul III.; and it would appear, from Vasari's account, that eight years elapsed between its commencement and completion. The general design is strictly conformable with the doctrines and tenets of the Christian faith: Angels are represented as sounding trumpets; the dead as rising from the grave and ascending to be judged by their Redeemer; who, accompanied by the Virgin Mary, stands surrounded by martyred saints. On his right and left are groups of both sexes; who, having passed their trial, are supposed to be admitted into the regions of eternal happiness. On the opposite side to the Resurrection and Ascension are the condemned, precipitated into torment; and at the bottom is a fiend, in a boat, conducting them to the confines of perdition, where other fiends are waiting to receive them. In two compartments at the top of the picture, which are made by the form of the vaulted ceiling, are groups of figures bearing the different insignia of the Passion.

Stanza 7. line 1.

There Guido's Mary looks in faith on high;

The earnest beauty of the countenances of Guido's Magdalens is familiar to the merest tyro in art. Tenderness, suavity, and grace were the predominant features of his mind. An exquisite touch; a remarkable purity of outline; the power of giving expression, in his heads, to grief, sadness, penitence, or terror, without detracting from their loveliness; and a remarkable harmony of colour; were the leading achievements of his pencil. The angelic sweetness of such of his female heads as are in comparative repose, especially of those which are looking upwards (an air which he seems to have borrowed from the Niobe of the Antique); has tended to invest his works with a character which has rendered them objects of admiration to persons of taste, whether possessing a critical knowledge of painting or not, throughout all ages.

Stanza 7. line 2.

There Salvi's Nun in silent prayer doth bow;

Salvi, or, as he was usually termed, Sassoferato, celebrated for the mild beauty of his Madonnas and Nuns, seldom ventured on compositions of more than two figures. He imitated Guido, Albano, and Baroccio; but, although his colours are brilliant, there is an opacity about them which we rarely meet with in the masters whose works he studied.

Stanza 7. line 3.

There Claude's bright rippling wave and sunset sky,

The name of Claude Lorraine is one that can never be mentioned without a feeling of gratitude and delight by the genuine lover of art. His golden sunsets, his wild romantic shores, and his exquisitely poetical pastoral landscapes, are associated in our minds with every thing that is soothing, graceful, and serene. He is, in fact, to landscape, what Raffaelle is to historical painting. He has been termed the most perfect artist the world ever saw, and he fully merits the encomium. He painted the sun from its rising to its setting: sweetness and amenity reigned throughout every creation of his pencil; his chief power consisted in uniting splendour with repose, warmth with freshness, and dark with light. Although he was a painter of fairy land and sylvan scenery of the most romantic kind, he is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in his Sea-Ports; which, whilst they possess many of the qualities of his pastoral landscapes, are full of business and bustle.

Stanza 7. line 4.

Salvator's storm-rent rock and mountain brow,

Although the favourite subjects of this truly poetical painter were of the class here described, he had his softer and more sunny moods of inspiration. Notwithstanding Sir Joshua's declaration that "Salvator had that sort of dignity which belongs to uncultivated nature, but not that which belongs to the grand," he must be

admitted to have combined both grace and grandeur, in a remarkable degree, in most of his leading compositions. His choice of subject resulted, no doubt, from those early habits of his mind which led him for retirement to the wildest recesses of the Abruzzi; and for companionship, to the banditti by whom those regions were infested. It was amid such scenes, in all probability, that he composed his celebrated picture of Purgatory. The story of his captivity among the robbers of the Abruzzi has been often discredited by his biographers; but one of his pictures, from which we have an engraving by his own hand, is evidently a record of this passage of his life. In the midst of a rocky scene, a group of banditti are watching with a fierce vigilance the motions of a youthful prisoner, who is seated on a rock overhanging a tremendous precipice, with all the characteristics of despair in his countenance and figure. The head, with its luxuriant profusion of hair, is evidently intended for a portrait of the painter himself.

Stanza 7. line 5.

And Poussin's classic glooms are gathering now; —

Nicolo Poussin was one of the earliest painters of the historical landscape. Indeed, it is difficult to say in which branch of the art he most excelled. Arcadian scenery, peopled with the gods and goddesses of poetical mythology, are among the most pleasing of his compositions. His gloom had almost as much of poetry in it as the sunshine of Claude. His knowledge of the Antique is observable in all his best works: but although his figures have the grace, they have also not unfrequently a little of the coldness and hardness of the marble. One of his finest works is his Bacchanalian Triumph in the National Gallery.

Stanza 7. line 6.

There Carlo Dolci's matchless anguish droops;

The Ecce Homo of Carlo Dolci is perhaps the most celebrated of all his works. His pictures, which are exquisitely elaborated, and beautifully coloured, are for the most part heads of our Saviour and the Virgin. He has been admired less for the conception of his

works than for their finish; and the tranquil expression of anguish and suffering with which he has invested most of his heads. His pictures are usually painted in a small size, and most laboriously finished.

Stanza 7. line 8.

There graceful Watteau spreads his courtly groups;

There never was a period at which the works of this graceful painter were held in higher esteem than at the present moment. Since the exhibition of the picture transferred some few years ago from one of the lumber-rooms of the Louvre to its present position in that gallery, his own countrymen have begun to affect something very like admiration for his art. In England, he has been long appreciated as he deserves; and Stothard, Chalon, Leslie, and Newton, have all, if imitation be indeed the sincerest flattery, confessed their admiration of his pictures, by catching from them much of the elegance of his figures, and the graceful variety of attitude of his groups. His *Fêtes Champêtres*, with the occasional disadvantages of extravagance of costume and exaggeration of sentiment, are rarely otherwise than graceful and attractive. The statues and fountains with which he decorates his gardens are also introduced in the best possible taste, and seem never out of place. Stothard, in his illustrations of Boccaccio, and his Sans Souci; Chalon, in his Hunt the Slipper; Newton, in most of his single figures, and more especially in the Billet Doux in the present volume; and Leslie, in his May Day; have all evinced their acquaintance with and judicious study of his Art. Watteau's two best pictures are in the Dulwich Gallery and the Louvre. He did not, like our own Stothard, achieve his *chef-d'œuvre* until after he had seen and studied some of the finest pictures of Rubens.

Stanza 7. line 9.

And 'neath his ponderous Cross Del Sarto's Saviour stoops!

The power of Andrea del Sarto is but little understood by those amateurs who have not had an opportunity of visiting Italy. His Flight into Egypt, and Christ bearing his Cross, (the former

of which has been engraved by Morghen), are inimitable pictures. His Last Supper must also have possessed powerful attractions, if the anecdote recorded of it be authentic. The soldiers employed in the siege of the monastery of the Salvi are said to have been so struck with the impressive beauty of this picture, on their entrance into the refectory in which it was placed, that they immediately retired without committing further violence.

Stanza 8. line 1.

There bright Giorgione's blue-eyed consort shines,

The picture here alluded to is the one spoken of in Lord Byron's Beppo. It is in the Manfrini palace at Venice; and is supposed to represent the portraits of Giorgione, his wife, and son: Giorgione studied with Titian under Giovanni Bellini, and was the first to set the example of breaking through the timid and constrained style to which the Art was at that time confined. The airs of even his earliest portraits have a grace and dignity which has never since been surpassed. It is Giorgione's merit, also, to have been the first to practise that admirable blending of tints which forms the brightest attraction of Venetian colouring. The works of Lionardo were his first models; and if he acquired much of the grace, he also imbibed a little of the hardness of touch of his distinguished archetype. His celebrated Musical Party (which Mr. Etty was engaged in copying in the Louvre, when the bullets of the "Three Days" were rapidly perforating its windows) still continues to be an object of much curiosity to artists and amateurs. The colouring of his pictures is for the most part as splendid as when they were first painted. At least, as they present the *ne plus ultra* of what we understand by the phrase, we may safely affirm so. Titian and Giorgione sometimes painted in conjunction.

Stanza 8. line 2.

A rival star to Titian's gay brunette;

The portrait of Titian's Mistress here referred to is the chief ornament of the Venetian compartment of the Louvre. It is sin-

gular, that, although so many prints have been engraved from this exquisite picture, there is not one which affords us the slightest notion of its extraordinary brilliancy and beauty. Indeed, so little is the character of the original preserved in any one of them, that it is difficult to recognise the similitude at all. As a colourist, Titian takes precedence of every other painter: there is a golden richness about his flesh tints, which time has only served to enhance; and which distinguishes his colour from the more gairish splendour of that of Rubens.

Stanza 8. line 3.

There pure Coreggio's reading mourner pines;

The picture here alluded to is the Reading Magdalen in the Dresden Gallery. One of the most celebrated of Coreggio's pictures is the St. Jerome, torn from his original situation at Parma, and removed by the French Directory to Paris. The figures of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalen, in this design, are perfect; but as much cannot be said for St. Jerome himself. The most beautiful specimen of his art that we have ever had the good fortune to behold is his Holy Family at Naples. This picture was copied by Mr. Uwins during his sojourn at Naples, with the most perfect fidelity, and the most exquisite finish. The faces are of angelic beauty, and the tone of colour almost ethereal. It is to Coreggio that painting stands indebted for one of the most effective of its illusions — the art of fore-shortening; — and he has moreover carried the magic of *chiar-oscuro* to its greatest possible extent. The sentiment which pervades all his female heads could only have emanated from a mind abundantly graceful and elegant.

Stanza 8. line 4.

And crystal Cuyp's delicious sun hath set;

The picture here alluded to is the Evening (better known by the name of The Sporting Party) in the Louvre; which, for its poetical imitation of nature, may vie with the sunniest efforts of Claude or Wilson. The white horse in the foreground is reality itself. The departure of sportsmen for the chace, attended by their dogs,

has employed Cuyp's pencil in many of his best pictures; subjects incomparably more interesting to the man of general taste than his verdant flats in the neighbourhood of Dort, their accompanying groups of cattle, and their warm but sometimes vapoury atmosphere.

Stanza 8. line 5.

There Spagnoletto's dying Anchoret,

Ribera, commonly called Spagnoletto, was a pupil of Caravaggio; and, whilst he appears to have imbibed somewhat of his master's taste for gloomy and austere subjects, he excelled him greatly in the poetical grandeur and refinement of his pictures. Hermits and saints, emaciated by abstinence and severity, were the staple commodities of his art. In emulation of his master, also, he painted martyrdoms, torments, and executions; and detailed some of his figures with the painful fidelity to nature of an anatomist; but he evidently belonged to a higher order of art than Caravaggio.

Stanza 8. line 6.

And Caravaggio's slaughtered Martyrs lie;

The pictures of this painter reflect, in a remarkable degree, the peculiar characteristics of his mind and habits of life, and form a striking contrast to those of the Roman school which he succeeded. His personal temperament was violent and gloomy. To murder a friend or an associate appears to have been with him an every-day occurrence. Such a disposition was not unlikely to suggest the tortures and martyrdoms which were so frequently the subjects of his coarse but vigorous pencil. A daring contrast of light and shade, such as belongs only to nature in abstracted situations, gave an original vigour to his art, which seduced even Guido and Domenichino into imitations of it. He contented himself, for the most part, with painting half-length figures, in every variety of agony. His principal picture is the "Crucifixion of St. Peter." The story told of Giotto would hardly be disbelieved of Caravaggio. He probably studied some of his countenances on the scaffold: they bear strong marks of such an origin.

Stanza 8. line 7.

There deep clear Ruysdael's Twilight lingers yet;

The landscapes of Ruysdael represent the most interesting scenery in the neighbourhood of Haerlem. There are some charming twilight effects from his pencil, in which the usual concomitants of the hour are represented with the most poetical fidelity. His skies are bright and tender; and there is a freshness in his verdure, and a depth and clearness of colour in his foregrounds, which are peculiar to himself.

Stanza 8. line 8.

Romano's battle steeds are thundering by;

Although Giulio Romano has painted many splendid battle scenes (that of Constantine is the one more particularly referred to), he was equally skilful in other branches of his art. Sometimes (says an acute critic), like Homer, he surprises by the heroic sublimity of his feats of arms; at others, like Anacreon, he captivates by his seductive representations of festivity and love.

Stanza 8. line 9.

And Cagliari's Feast salutes the broad blue sky!

The Marriage at Cana by Paul Veronese is now in the Louvre, and is placed in such a situation that it bursts upon the visiter, in all its glory, the instant he enters the room. This noble work of art appears to have been the Hippocrene of the modern (*Romantique*) school of French painting; the chivalrous airs of the principal figures; the richness of their costumes; the bustle and brilliancy of the scene; its unrivalled splendour of colour; all being calculated to arrest the attention and enchain the admiration of a young painter. Its size is upwards of twenty-five feet wide, and it contains a vast assemblage of figures, in every variety of graceful attitude. The spectator can almost fancy that he hears the buzz of conversation, and the clatter of the goblets which are passing in rapid succession from one guest to the other. The Marriage at Cana is the finest of four of the same class of subjects painted by Cagliari, and was exe-

cuted for the refectory of St. Giorgio Maggiore at Venice. The sum paid for it in cash (for we doubt not a few masses and absolutions were thrown into the bargain) was ninety ducats!

Stanza 9. line 1.

There, too, Albano's Sea Nymphs float along;

The elegance of Albano was the leading feature of his art. Although he sometimes painted large pictures, he more commonly confined himself to those of a cabinet size. His "Galatea and her Nymphs," referred to in the text, is one of the most beautiful of his conceptions. The very Zephyrs seem absolutely to woo the fair mariner on her way;

> "The winds come around her in murmur and song,
> And the surges rejoice as they bear her along."

The most charming production of Albano's pencil is, perhaps, his Dance of the Loves. His fondness for Cupids and Venuses occasioned him to be termed by Lanzi, the Anacreon of Painting. He had, however, little of the warmth of the Greek poet in his works.

Stanza 9. line 2.

Guercino's Hagar sheds upbraiding tears;

Guercino was, for the most part, self-taught, or taught only by nature. His works are distinguished by three different styles, at different periods of his life. His second style, which is his best, is remarkable for the softness and amenity of its colouring, and the touching sweetness with which he often invests the female countenance. His picture of Hagar and Ishmael, in the Barberini Palace at Rome, is one of the most charming compositions we have ever met with. Although engraved by Strange, the touching character of the face of Hagar is almost entirely lost. The look of unutterable but chastised reproach with which she regards Abraham as he is putting her from him is pathetic and beautiful in the extreme. In endeavouring to imitate the tenderness of Guido, however, Guercino degenerated into feebleness; and hence his later works are of inferior interest and importance.

Stanza 9. line 3.

Piombo's Lazar in his faith is strong;

The principal work of Sebastian del Piombo, the Raising of Lazarus, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mr. Angerstein. The composition and design are said to have been furnished by Michel Angelo, of whom Piombo was a disciple.

Stanza 9. line 4.

And Vinci's Judith still the charger bears;—

Judith with the Head of Holofernes in a Charger, by Lionardo da Vinci. The Last Supper of this great artist ought rather to have obtained the preference. The late Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed twelve of the thirteen studies in chalk made for this picture; and some notion may be formed from them of the unrivalled beauty of the complete work, which, having been painted in distemper, has all but perished. Lionardo was the first painter who reconciled minute and elaborate finish with grandeur of idea and dignity of form. His design is remarkably correct and pure; he referred almost invariably to the life; and invested his figures with a grace with which the artists of his day were wholly unacquainted.

Stanza 9. line 5.

There polished Teniers' festive evening wears;

In that secondary class of art, which depends for its success, in a great degree, on the mechanical beauty of its execution, Teniers holds the first place. He has the merit also of imitating, with the utmost fidelity, the sort of nature which he took for his Hippocrene. His Village Festivals and Merry-makings, Flemish Fairs, Gipsyings, and Incantations, are all characterised by a degree of truth and originality, which he who goes to the fountain-head for his inspiration can alone hope to achieve.

Stanza 9. line 6.

Velasquez' Infant smiles in fadeless youth ;

The pictures of this splendid painter are but little known in England. In the earlier part of his career, he imitated the powerful contrasts of Caravaggio; but after seeing some pictures by Guido and Spagnoletto, he contrived to maintain as much power with infinitely more refinement than his archetype. His flesh-tints are as exquisitely elaborate as that of some of the finest portraits of Vandyck. The Infanta of Spain, referred to in the text, is in the Louvre, and may be considered one of the most perfect specimens of his style. He is known principally by his portraits, chiefly those of the most distinguished persons of his time and country; but his historical pictures, of which he has painted many, belong to the very first class of art. His celebrated picture of the Crucifixion, for example, in the convent of St. Placido, at Madrid, is a performance of unrivalled merit, and would alone have sufficed to establish the reputation of the artist. His Grace the Duke of Wellington possesses also several of the most magnificent productions of his pencil.

Stanza 9. line 7.

Zampieri's Sybil lifts the veil of years ;

Zampieri, otherwise called Domenichino, was a pupil of the Caracci. Algarotti considers him the first painter after Raffaelle. His distinguishing excellence is expression; in the character of his heads, he emulated the grace and beauty of Raffaelle. His Sybil, indeed, might almost be mistaken for the work of that great master.

Stanza 9. line 8.

Hobbema's sunlit slopes, and mill-stream smooth,

The subjects of Hobbema's pictures are frequently confined to a cottage embosomed in a clump of trees, and a sandy road leading through a wood; and a brook or a mill, and its accompanying stream, sparkling with the earliest rays of the morning sun. Sometimes the light is bursting through the gloom of a forest, illuminating the centre of the picture with an almost magical effect of light and shade.

Stanza 9. line 9.

And Rembrandt's shadowy power, reflect immortal truth!

The style of Rembrandt is too well known to demand any detailed description of it in this place. He was the first painter who discovered the real extent to which the *chiaroscuro* of a picture might be carried. It was well observed by Mr. Constable, in a lecture on the Origin and Progress of Landscape Painting, which we had the pleasure to hear him deliver, that Rembrandt's Mill was of itself sufficient to create an epoch in the branch of art to which it belonged; it being the first picture in which a sentiment, the dawn of day, had been expressed by *chiaroscuro*, and that only; all other details having been excluded. We must not rank this painter among the chivalrous and romantic professors of the art. He had more power than taste; but he had little of the dignity we look for in an historical painter. A Dutch Vrow cutting her nails, formerly in the collection of the tasteful and accomplished Lawrence, was sold, if we remember right, for five hundred guineas! Excepting as a study for colour, it is, in our humble opinion, hardly worth the price of the canvas on which it is painted. These are anomalies for which it is exceedingly difficult to account.

Stanza 10. lines 1, 2.

And more, yet more; the fierce Giotto there,
His victim tortured, triumphs in his pain;

There is a tradition of Giotto, that he stabbed one of his models, for the purpose of transferring to his canvas his dying agonies; and that this diabolical act was the origin of one of his finest pictures, the Crucifixion.

Stanza 10. line 3.

There Mazzuoli's Vision, bright and fair,

Francesco Mazzuoli, commonly called Parmegiano, imbibed from a deep study of the works of Raffaelle so much of the style of that heavenly painter, that Vasari reports that it was said at Rome, that "the soul of Raffaelle had passed into the person of Parmegiano." His figures are light and graceful, and the airs of his heads unusually lovely: his boys and angels, indeed, are so ex-

quisitely designed as to appear almost celestial. His celebrated Vision is said to have been stolen by robbers soon after it was painted. It was recovered, however, before long, to be again carried off by France for the adornment of her Louvre; whence it was reclaimed, with other stolen goods of the same class, in 1815; and has since found its way into this country. In 1627, when Rome was sacked by Charles V., Parmegiano was so intent upon his art, that he continued painting until the soldiery entered his studio; when, says his biographers, they were so struck with the beauty of his pictures, and the composure of his mind, that they immediately retired without offering him the slightest injury! The predominating characteristic of his genius was elegance, which displayed itself more or less in all his conceptions.

Stanza 10. line 5.

And Berretino's Sabines shriek in vain!

Berretino, commonly called Pietro da Cortona. His finest picture is the Rape of the Sabines. His colouring is not always chaste; nor are his females beautiful either in design or expression. The style of his larger pictures, addressing themselves, as they do, to the eye rather than to the mind, may be termed the *melodrame* of painting.

Stanza 10. line 6.

There, full of faith, the good St. Bruno dies;

The series of pictures illustrative of the life of St. Bruno, by Le Sueur, in the Louvre, makes us almost in love with Catholicism. The death-bed scene of the Saint has a solemn beauty about it, an absence of all straining after effect, and a simplicity of grouping and detail, which render it one of the most agreeable, if not one of the most striking, pictures in the Gallery.

Stanza 10. line 7.

There Snyders' yelling bloodhounds burst their chain;

The Bear Hunt, in the collection of Lord Grosvenor, which has lately been exhibited at the British Institution, is one of the noblest specimens of Snyders' pencil. He studied nature with the most

enthusiastic industry; and was so exact, that he gave the appearance of reality to the skin and hair of his animals. He should have been Painter in Ordinary to the "Wild Boar of Ardennes."

Stanza 10. line 8.

There gorgeous Rubens' emblemed Triumphs rise;

The Triumphs of Marie de' Medicis, in the Louvre. This celebrated series of allegories, twenty-one in number, was originally painted at the instigation of the Baron de Vicq, then ambassador from the Archduke Albert and Isabella to the court of France, for Marie de' Medicis. They were placed, on their completion, in the palace of the Luxembourg, whence they have only very recently been removed to the Louvre. Mr. Smith, in his admirable *Catalogue Raisonnée* of the works of the Dutch, Flemish, and French painters, occupies an entire volume with the productions of Rubens, nearly fourteen hundred of which he enumerates:—"This universal painter (says Mr. Smith), from whose prolific pencil proceeded, with a spontaneous facility, an inexhaustible variety and abundance in every class of the art—history, poetry, and familiar life; portraiture, animals, landscape, fruit, and flowers; evinced in each as much excellence as if he had made that particular branch the exclusive object of his study." The only essential quality in which he appeared to be deficient, was refinement. There is a degree of coarseness in many of his pictures, from which not all the power and splendour of their execution, can redeem them.

Stanza 10. line 9.

And Vandyck's Charles uplifts his mild, reproachful eyes.

The portrait of Charles I. standing by his Horse in the Louvre, engraved in so masterly a style by Strange, is unquestionably the finest specimen of Vandyck's art in this branch of painting. For a mere portrait, it is wholly impossible for any picture to be carried further with advantage. As a portrait painter, Vandyck has no equal.

HENRY HOWARD, R. A.

In the regions of imaginative painting, Mr. Howard has no rival. He seems, indeed, to breathe a purer and more ethereal atmosphere than that which clogs the aspirations of ordinary mortals in this "gross material world;" to have his "mansion"

> where those immortal shapes
> Of bright aërial spirits live insphered,
> In regions mild of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call Earth.

The impersonations of his mind (stored as it is with the most popular fictions of poetical mythology) have a grace and a spirituality about them, which indicate, at a glance, the divinity whence they spring; that they are beings having no sympathy or connexion with the passions and prejudices of ordinary humanity: —

> Gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play in the plighted clouds.

We never enter his Studio, from the crowded street, peopled as it is with the loveliest creations of his fancy, without feeling that

> all Paradise,
> Can by the single opening of a door,
> Let itself in upon us.

H. Howard, R.A. pinxt. E. J. Portbury, sculp.

PEASANTS OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

It is a sort of enchanted ground, — an Arcadia, alive with beings bright as the "stars" which he worships, and as far removed as they from "earth-born jars" and "human frailties." Like his Chaldean, he clothes "the poetry of heaven" in the hues of an exquisitely graceful imagination; and, to borrow his own expressive language, (for he, too, is sometimes a "truant from the pencil to the lyre,")

> Fancy-wrapt, sees in the fleecy clouds
> Mysterious shapes that wait upon the moon,
> In her swift course, or rise from ocean's lap
> Continuous.

The first time we had the gratification of visiting him in his painting-room, he was, by a fortunate coincidence, surrounded by several of the most exquisite productions of his pencil. There was the sun darting its earliest rays upon a sea not unworthy of Claude himself; and, the most glorious of all his visions, his Pleiades, floating, like clustering thoughts in a dream, above its surface. On the opposite side of the room hung a group of Fairies on the Sea Shore, dancing in the moonlight and appearing to bend like a bed of flowers to every breath of air that passed over them. There was his Hylas and the Nymphs (so charmingly engraved by Mr. Heath); his Four Angels; his Solar System; his Iris and her Train; and several of the series of pictures which he has painted in illustration of his favourite poem, the Comus of Milton. There, too, were his Oberon squeezing the juice of the flower into the eyes of the sleeping Titania (the perfection of grace and beauty); his Morning chasing away the Shades of Night; his May, scattering her cowslips and primroses over the earth; his Naiads glassing themselves in a Fountain; his splendid Birth of Venus; and his Girl in a Florentine Costume, vying in simplicity, and greatly excelling in beauty of feature, grace

of position, and brilliancy of colour, the celebrated *Jocunda* of Lionardo ; —

> Her dark hair clustering round her pensive face,
> Like shadowy clouds above a summer moon ;
> Her fair hands folded with a queenly grace ;
> Her cheek soft blushing like a rose in June ;—

placed amid the ethereal visions we have just described, as if to show that there are creatures "breathing thoughtful breath," more captivating than any that imagination can suggest.

Beautiful, however, as are the productions of Mr. Howard's pencil, they belong, for the most part, to a world with which the utilitarian spirit of the present age has little in common. Hence it is, that he has not been so well understood and appreciated as some of his far less gifted contemporaries.

The picture from which the accompanying print has been engraved, is a transcript from real life; and was exhibited last year with considerable *éclat* both at the Royal Academy and British Institution. The attitude of the infant is beautiful and characteristic in the extreme : its apprehension of the coming plunge is exhibited even to its feet. The elder sister is awaiting the event with something like a mischievous impatience.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

II.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about:
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!

III.

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree,
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

IV.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

V.

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

VI.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with their mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

VII.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

If Stothard, like Wordsworth, has been compelled to content himself, until recently, with a comparatively limited number of worshippers; and has been winning his way by slow degrees into public favour; like that High Priest of the Muses, he has also had the gratification of seeing his little band increase to a crowd of devotees which now includes almost every body who has the slightest pretensions to taste, throughout the country. The time is not very remote when the mention of a poem by Wordsworth, or a picture by Stothard, in a mixed company, was almost sure to give rise to some ludicrous or detracting observation. Yet both these distinguished men had, at the period in question, produced many of the most admirable specimens of their respective Arts. At this time of day, not to know, and at least appear to appreciate them, is considered a solecism, no less against good breeding than good taste. It is not often that we encounter so happy a conjunction of fashion and sound sense.

Stothard has been entitled, not inappropriately, the English Raffaelle. Imbued from his earliest youth with an enthusiastic admiration of that "heaven-inspired painter," he has infused into his works much of the grace, dignity, and elegance of figure, expression, and composition, for which the pictures of his great prototype have been so justly ce-

T. Stothard R.A. pinxt.

J. Goodyear sculp.

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lebrated. The Art of Raffaelle may be said to have been his first love; and if he subsequently flirted a little with Rubens and Watteau, he still retained enough of affection for his original mistress to prevent him from wandering very far from his allegiance to her. Accordingly, in the beautiful composition which accompanies this notice, we recognise an union of the vigorous colouring of Rubens with the sweetness, dignity, and elegance of Raffaelle. Instead of a Dutch burgomaster's daughter, we have a female figure, and children, which, such is their exquisite grace, might be mistaken for the Virgin, the Young Christ, and the St. John of one of Raffaelle's finest Holy Families. The subject would seem to be an allegorical representation of a rejoicing for an abundant Vintage. Peace, or Plenty, would no doubt have been seen descending, had the canvas admitted of it, for the purpose of receiving the gratulations of this inimitable group.

Among the proofs of Stothard's admiration for Watteau, may be adduced his Sans Souci, and his Illustrations of Boccaccio; but there is a grace and beauty of figure and of face, and a classical perfection of grouping, in his works, which even Watteau has rarely if ever exhibited. The females of Watteau are courtesans masquerading as the Virtues; those of Stothard are as dignified, as modest, and as beautiful, as the Lady in Comus; and as free from every taint of earthly impurity. As if to prove the versatility of his genius, Stothard attempted in two of his pictures, — the Bath of Diana, and a Sleeping Bacchante, — an imitation of the richest manner of Titian, with a degree of success which has astonished the most enthusiastic of his admirers.

As a painter, so the merest tyro in art will assert, Stothard was a great mannerist. It is true he was. There is a vein of elegance running through all his works, which identifies at

once the painter and his mind. It would be strange, indeed, however, if, in turning over a series of upwards of three thousand designs (the better half of which have been wretchedly engraved), we should not discover in them great inequality of merit. This is not the age of Leos, and Transfigurations; nor are the dukes of our own day, in their appreciation of art at least, to be compared to the Grand Dukes who patronised the Venetian School of Painting. Accordingly, the greatest genius of the age has derived his chief subsistence from the production of designs for book engravings, in most instances at prices which would have rendered elaborate excellence and penury synonymous terms. It is hardly fair, therefore, to judge of him by the hastiest and most imperfect of his efforts. In many of the prints from his works, there is a vulgarity of drawing in the extremities of the figures, which it is hardly possible to believe could have existed, to the same extent, in the originals. Of what he was really capable at an age which passes the usually allotted span of human existence, we have evidence in the glorious design of the Procession of the Flitch of Bacon; and in the exquisitely beautiful vignettes which accompany Mr. Rogers's Poetry. Of what he could produce in the palmiest epoch of his powers, we have ample proof, in the magnificent Staircase at Burleigh; the Ceiling of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; the Canterbury Pilgrimage; the Shakspeare Characters; Amphitrite; the Birth of Venus; his series of designs illustrative of Boccaccio; the Wise Men's Offering; The Rival Ladies in the Spectator; Belinda's Toilet; Dryads finding Narcissus; and a series of Pictures illustrative of the poems of Burns, and Spenser, and Shakspeare.

We have met occasionally with intelligent persons of taste, who could not, on a slight acquaintance with them, by any means sympathise with us in our admiration of Stothard's pic-

tures ; and we could only encourage them to a keener analysis of the beautiful in Art, by reminding them, that when Sir Joshua Reynolds first beheld the master-pieces of Raffaelle in the Vatican, he did not, as he candidly avows, estimate them as he ought to have done. In almost all instances in which the mind of a great man, whether poet or painter, is the predominating quality (over execution) in his works, this difficulty presents itself. What Sir Joshua thought of the pictures of Raffaelle, after his eye had undergone the necessary degree of familiarisation with their beauties, we all know. Let us hope that the film will ere long be removed from the sight of those sceptics who profess to be incapable of feeling the genius of Stothard. He has lately, in the natural decay to which humanity is liable, been removed from us, to a region, where he can alone encounter embodiments of beauty and goodness more graceful and serene than those emanations of his genius which he has left posterity as a consolation for his loss.

OH, DINNA, DINNA BLAME HIM. *

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

Oh, dinna, dinna blame him, mither,
  Dinna blame him, now he's gaen;
Bethink ye o' the days, mither,
  When he was a' my ain.
We twa hae roamed where the brakens bend
  The bonnie braes amang;
We twa had loved ere either kenned
  Sic love could e'er be wrang.

II.

Oh, dinna, dinna seek him, brither,
  If ye wouldna see me die —
His hand is on the steel, brither,
  An' his Border bluid is high.
Ah, seek him not wi' vengefu' e'e,
  For I forgie him a';
An' ye maun stay to comfort me
  When he is far awa'.

* This song, and several others which will be found interspersed throughout this volume, by the same Author, were transmitted to the Editor under the simple designation of "Scottish Songs, by a Southron." They are from the pen of a very young English Lady, whose name can suffer no discredit from its association with such compositions.

III.

An' dinna, dinna greet, sister,
Sae bitterly and sair;
Cast the tear-drap frae your een, sister,
An' mine shall weep nae mair.
Oh, never mair we'll name the name
O' this fause luve o' mine,
But we'll turn again unto our hame,
An' the memory o' langsyne.

IV.

But dinna, dinna curse him, father,
Ye kenna what ye do;
Oh, think upo' the time, father,
When he was gude an' true:
Or if that bitter word maun steal
Frae lips where blessings be,
Oh, bless the head I luve sae weel,
An' fa' that curse on me!

EVENING.*

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

The holy eve, as quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration.

WORDSWORTH.

SWEET is the close of this soft summer's eve
When the last setting, social hour doth stamp
The crown-mark on the day; when those who grieve
Forget their voice of woe, — and, like a lamp,
We burn the oil of gladness in our hearts
To light our face with smiles; — when to our souls
Each voice we love its melody imparts,
And the soft breath of peace around us rolls
Like odour on the breeze. Even now the shade,
That o'er my path the tree of sorrow threw,
Before the sun of brighter hope doth fade,
And flowers are springing where the wild weeds grew:
And I with song the watchful cares beguile,
And meet the gaze of sadness with a smile.

* In appending this little poem to Mr. Roberts's beautiful "Sunset," there is no intention of illustrating any thing beyond the mere *sentiment* of the picture. The scene is evidently an imaginary one; and if the effect reminds us of Claude, it is because it is a genuine imitation of nature. Since his return from Spain, Mr. Roberts has produced a splendid series of drawings, which have been worthily engraved in the "Landscape Annual" for the present year.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Whittaker & Co in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CAMUS.

Lerida Roberts, print.

Hab. Walls, sculp.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE'S PLAN

FOR THE

ENCOURAGEMENT OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

The almost total want of patronage for Historical Painting in this country has been long a source of regret to those who are capable of appreciating its value, and who admire the perseverance of the devoted few who still continue, in spite of every discouragement, to labour in its production. This singular insensibility on the part of the British public has been variously, but by no means satisfactorily, accounted for. By some it has been ascribed to the limited size of English houses, and the consequent difficulty of finding space on their walls for historical pictures, executed on the scale best calculated to develope the powers of the painter ; by others, to the want of taste for this branch of art in modern picture-buyers. The chief cause of the neglect of historical painting in England may be, we think, referred to the fact that it has not as yet been rendered fashionable by the patronage of either the Court or the Government. And yet, how trifling a sum of money, compared with what is annually voted away by a reformed House of Commons, on every imaginable pretence, would afford the means of preserving this most exalted branch of art from the decay to which it is now rapidly hastening! After much discussion, a paltry grant has been awarded by Parliament for the erection of a National Gallery, which, if the country be but moderately fortunate in the acquisition

of pictorial treasures, will in a very few years be inadequate to contain one half the paintings that will be placed at its disposal. As for modern Art, it is merely to be received there as a tenant at will, to be dislodged whenever an eligible lessee shall present itself. They manage these things better in France. There the monarch, parsimonious as his habits are known to be, is compelled to purchase popularity by encouraging the historical Art of his country; and if the walls of his metropolitan palaces are occupied, he is obliged to sustain his reputation for patriotism and good taste, by placing his summer residences in the same predicament. Nor is the example lost upon those who live upon his smiles. The minister, stimulated by the same desire to conciliate public opinion, commissions Horace Vernet, or some other artist of kindred genius, to paint him an historical picture; and all the minor members of the government follow his example: thus affording profitable and honourable employment to such painters as are really worthy of encouragement.

For the last five years, the *élite* of the French artists have been employed by their government in painting the *plafonds* of the recently completed additions to the Louvre; and a spirit of emulation has been thus generated among them which has led to the production of some of the finest historical pictures of the age. Where, for example, can we look for a nobler instance of what public patronage may effect, than in the magnificent design of Leo X. receiving from Raffaelle the first sketch of his Transfiguration, and from Palladio his plans for the improvement of the eternal city; by Horace Vernet; which forms the *plafond* of one of the divisions of the new gallery of Henry IV.? Is it to be supposed that such men as Howard, Hilton, Etty, Leslie, and others whose names will readily suggest themselves, are not capable of efforts equally honourable to themselves and their country,

if the proper incentive were held out to them? Yet, if we except the splendid allegory painted on the staircase of Burleigh by our own Stothard, we are hardly acquainted with a single residence of the nobility, admirably adapted as many of them are to receive such adornments, which has afforded occupation to an English painter of the least eminence. In the whole range of the pictorial decoration of public edifices on the Continent by modern hands, we have seen no design that would bear a moment's comparison with Howard's "Solar System;" perhaps of all modern pictures the best adapted for the embellishment of the ceiling of some splendid national edifice; it remains, nevertheless, still unexecuted, at least on the scale best calculated to develope the full powers of the painter, and the surpassing beauty and classical propriety of the conception. Yet the chief attraction of Burleigh to the connoisseur and man of taste is now the staircase which the late Mr. Stothard devoted upwards of two years to adorn, and for the decoration of which he received only a few hundred pounds. We must not be understood as desiring to under-rate the liberality of the Marquis of Exeter, who dealt kindly by the artist, in paying him the full market price for his commodity. Our sole motive in referring to its cost is to show at how easy a rate a nobleman may purchase the *éclat* which invariably results from the unprompted encouragement of true genius.

Upwards of twenty years ago, Sir Martin Archer Shee prepared, at the request of the directors of the British Institution (then newly established), a plan for the encouragement of Historical Painting, so excellent in all its details, that we marvel much it was not at once adopted and acted upon. One half the money which has been expended by the British Institution in such pictures as that of Parmegiano, for which the Directors gave three thousand guineas; or the allegory

of the Battle of Waterloo by Ward, which they purchased at the price of a thousand guineas, and have allowed to remain rolled up in a lumber room ever since,—would have gone some considerable way in assisting to realise Sir Martin Archer Shee's suggestions; and would have saved the nation from the well merited reproach which now attaches to it for its impolitic neglect of the noblest and most important branch of the Fine Arts.

The various modes of encouragement which in different countries have been exercised towards the Arts, may be considered under the following heads:—

I. The foundation of establishments for their regular cultivation.
II. The application of a certain sum annually for the purpose of purchasing and placing in public galleries the best productions of the day.
III. The employment of selected individuals for the execution of great works of public ornament and patriotic celebration.
IV. The institution of prizes and public honours for the purpose of exciting competition, and rewarding excellence.

The first mode is, perhaps, the most expensive, and has always proved the least effectual. The second must necessarily be precarious; is particularly subject to abuse; and would be likewise expensive, if exercised to any liberal extent. The third is the most splendid as well as the most extensive; but unfortunately, at present, the most unattainable. The fourth is not the most certain mode of enriching the artist, but it appears to be the most efficient mode of advancing the Art.

To the arts, and especially to the arts in this country, the last-mentioned species of patronage seems peculiarly applicable. The institution of national prizes, and public honours, therefore, is the mode which I would recommend as most likely, under present circumstances, to call forth the genius of our painters, and cultivate the taste of our country. The preference given to this mode results from a consideration of its economy, as well as its efficacy; from a conviction that it is the machine for our purpose which can be worked at the least expense, and which produces the greatest effects with the smallest means.

The same sum, which expended in commissions would be little more than sufficient to remunerate liberally one artist for a single production of importance, may be made to set in motion all the genius of the day, if offered as a national prize; conferred with some striking solemnity, and accompanied with some flattering testimonial of public honour and estimation.

I propose that the sum of five thousand pounds be annually appropriated by the Government to the encouragement of the Arts; under the management of the President and Directors of the British Institution. This sum, as it is annually received, to be immediately placed in the funds; and at the end of every third year, the whole, with the interest, to be applied as a provision for carrying into execution the following plan:—

1. National prizes to be instituted for the encouragement of the higher department of painting, and the cultivation of a more elevated taste in the Arts.
2. These prizes to be divided into three classes, and decreed with public solemnity every third year.

3. The first class to consist of three prizes, and to be appropriated to those who, by a noble application of their powers, shall most successfully promote the cause of religion and morality; stimulate the growth of public virtue, and commemorate the glories of our country.
4. The second class, to consist also of three prizes, and to be devoted to subjects drawn from ancient history, poetry or romance, less extensive, or on a smaller scale.
5. The third class to consist of three prizes; to be of a more miscellaneous character than the foregoing, but still to be limited to such subjects as usually come under the description of historical art.
6. The subjects of the first class to be chosen by the artists themselves from Sacred or British history: each picture to consist of at least thirteen figures, the size of life; and no picture to exceed the dimensions of the cartoons of Raffaelle at Hampton Court.
7. The first prize of the first class to be three thousand pounds; the second prize, two thousand; and the third prize, one thousand pounds.
8. The subjects of the second class to be chosen also by the artists who are to execute them: each picture to consist of at least seven figures the size of life; and if on a smaller scale, to contain not less than thirteen figures. No picture of this class to be under the dimensions of the well-known picture of the death of Wolfe by the President West.
9. The first prize of the second class to be fifteen hundred pounds; the second prize, one thousand; and the third prize, seven hundred and fifty pounds.
10. The subjects of the third class to be chosen by the artists themselves, but within the limitation before specified. The pictures to be unrestricted as to number of figures,

this class being intended to embrace all those productions of the pencil, whether consisting of one figure or more*, which, in point of size or subject, cannot properly be put in competition with those of other classes. No picture of this class to be of smaller dimensions than those of the Sacraments by Poussin.

11. The first prize of the third class to be seven hundred and fifty pounds; the second prize, five hundred; and the third prize, three hundred.

12. A remuneration of five hundred pounds to be granted to each of three candidates of the first class who shall be judged to be the most deserving of those who shall have failed to obtain a prize in that class.

13. A remuneration of three hundred pounds to be granted to each of the three candidates of the second class who shall be judged most deserving of those who shall have failed to obtain a prize in that class.

14. A remuneration of one hundred and fifty pounds to be granted to each of the three candidates of the third class who shall be judged the most deserving of those who shall have failed in obtaining a prize in that class.

15. The pictures which shall have obtained prizes to become the property of the nation, and to be presented as an honourable decoration to some of our churches, palaces, or public buildings.

16. The pictures which shall have obtained the first prizes to be placed, if possible, in some conspicuous situation in the metropolis; some of the others to be presented to the public halls of our principal corporate towns, to excite

* Such pictures, for instance, as the Ugolino of Reynolds; the Bard from Gray by West; Venus and Adonis by Titian; the Nightmare by Fuseli; Hubert and Arthur by Northcote; the Tragic Muse by Reynolds.

emulation in the provinces, and promote a taste for the Arts throughout the country.

17. The pictures which shall not have obtained prizes to remain at the disposal of the artists by whom they were painted.

18. All the works painted in concurrence for the national prizes to be publicly exhibited in the rooms of the British Gallery, at the usual price of admission, for two months; one month before and one after the adjudication of the prizes.

19. The profits of the exhibition to be divided among those artists who shall not have obtained a prize or a remuneration, in such proportions as may appear the best calculated to reimburse them for the expense of their frames and materials; provided that such proportions shall not exceed one hundred and fifty pounds to a candidate of the first class; one hundred pounds to a candidate of the second; and fifty pounds to a candidate of the third class.

20. A committee of Directors of the British Institution, assisted by a committee of the Royal Academy, to examine all the works offered for the triennial prizes; and no picture to be received which shall be deemed unworthy to concur in this great national contention.

21. No production which shall be considered to have an immoral tendency, however skilfully executed, to be received in any class; and no painter to be on any account admitted as a candidate for a national prize who shall be known to have at any time disgraced the character of an artist, and perverted the powers of his art, by applying them to such pernicious subjects.

22. No picture to be received which shall have been painted before the public notification of the institution of the national prizes; and no alteration or repainting of a

picture previously painted to be considered as sufficient to preclude the application of this rule.

23. The national prizes to be open to all artists, without distinction of rank or country, who shall have been, during three years preceding the triennial adjudication, established residents of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

24. Every artist who proposes to contend for the national prizes to give notice in writing to the Directors of the British Institution, at least eighteen months preceding the period of adjudication; in which notice he shall specify in what class he desires to become a candidate.

A few observations, explanatory of the principles upon which the preceding part of the plan has been regulated, may perhaps be considered necessary. First, as to the period of granting the national prizes; secondly, as to the subjects for which they should be granted; and thirdly, the amount of each prize.

If the prizes were to be decreed annually or biennially, they must, with the same means, be materially diminished in value, and consequently much less powerful in effect. Their frequent recurrence would weaken their influence; and hasty productions would be the fruits of inadequate rewards. The parsimonious profits and heavy expenses of the British artist have made it impossible for him to devote that time and attention to the completion of his works, which even the brightest genius of the Greek, surrounded by all the inspiring circumstances of his age, found it necessary to employ. No man can now afford to dwell upon his work long enough for its perfection, and he suits it, therefore, to the emergency and the remuneration. Unless we change our practice in this respect; unless we determine to depend more on pro-

found study than on prompt execution, and prefer the mature results of patient application to the flimsy products of superior facility; we shall in vain aspire to rival those ancient miracles of taste, which we know to have been the joint result of the most extraordinary stimuli, acting upon the most exalted powers and the most unwearied industry.

The national prizes, therefore, are here made triennial, that they may be the more important; that the interval may occasion them to be looked to with more interest; and that the ceremonial attending their adjudication, by being less frequent, may be made more dignified, and more likely to produce a powerful impression on the public, the artist, and the Art. In this interval, also, the artist, without entirely laying aside his ordinary and more certain resources, will have ample time to put forth all his powers, and in a deliberate, well-studied composition, to do honour to himself and his country.

The subjects for which the prizes should be granted, are divided into three classes; of which those from Bible and British history constitute the first. This arrangement has been adopted, because the interests of religion, morality, and patriotism, should be the primary objects in all national institutions of this kind: and the patronage of the Arts is a duty of government, principally as they tend to promote these great ends.

The choice of his subject, under the regulations attached to the class in which he desires to distinguish himself, is left to the painter; because he is the best judge of that which is adapted to his particular powers; because he will always labour with more ardour on a subject which he has himself selected; and because there is often as much merit in the choice of a subject as in its execution.

The pictures of the first class are required to be large, and

to contain at least a given number of figures; because the grand style of art demands space and magnitude; and because this style of art, which is by far the most worthy of attention, is but little cultivated amongst us, and ought therefore to be the more especially encouraged. The size of the Cartoons has been stated as the largest limit; because it is fully adequate to the display of every exertion of ambition or ability which can be required on such an occasion; and also, because it may prevent any attempt to attract by extra-ordinary magnitude that attention which could not be hoped for from pre-eminent merit.

The regulations respecting the pictures of the second class are intended to include those works, which, though not equal in grandeur of subject, character, or size, to those of the first class, are yet highly worthy of reward, adapted to produce great moral effects, and capable of great excellence.

The third class is proposed as an incentive to early ability — as a first flight for youthful genius, before it has become sufficiently confident in the vigour of its wing to venture into those elevated regions of exertion to which it is our object to allure him.

The amount of the prizes has been dictated by a principle before discussed; a principle which teaches that, to be effectual, a prize must be important, and sufficient to arouse the best exertions of those upon whom it is intended to operate.

With regard to the adjudication of the prizes, I would suggest that, previously to the final decree, the judgments of the three following parties be, if possible, obtained, and delivered in writing, with the reasons upon which they may have been founded: first, the judgment of a committee of the Royal Academy, consisting of all the members of that body who may not be candidates: secondly, the judgment of a committee of amateurs; and lastly, the judgment of the

candidates themselves; a mode of decision resorted to by the ancients on some very important occasions, and which might be very easily methodised. By publishing, on the day of the final adjudication, the several decisions here proposed to be obtained, the public would be enabled to form an opinion of the justice or injustice of the result. By the reasons assigned in those decisions, the public taste could not fail to be directed and enlightened; and the candidates themselves would be improved, by observing for which qualities their more successful rivals were preferred. By these means, a judgment might be produced, as nearly perfect as, perhaps, the prejudices and passions of human nature can authorise us to expect. A judgment that would satisfy the public as to its purity, and the profession as to its taste; in which the fortunate would feel a double victory, and even the unsuccessful could find no room for discontent.

How far the stimulants here proposed would operate to revive the ancient vigour of art amongst us, it is, perhaps, difficult to anticipate. If, however, there should be found a painter of any repute so lost in mercenary occupation as to decline a contest so honourable, his defection could only proceed from the want of ambition, or the consciousness of inability.

Such are the leading features of Sir Martin Archer Shee's plan; and, although upwards of twenty years have elapsed since it first suggested itself to him, it is as applicable to the state of the art at the present moment as it was then. A large sum of money is, it is true, expended annually in England, in furniture-paintings and water-colour drawings, but the sale of an historical picture of any importance in a public exhibition is of such rare occurrence, as to form almost an epoch in the

history of modern patronage. The completion of our New National Gallery, will, it is hoped, lead to some act of liberality on the part of the legislature in favour of British Art. The twenty thousand pounds recently voted for the Euphrates Expedition, from which no practically useful results can ever be expected, would have more than sufficed to try the efficacy of the plan now proposed.

FOREBODINGS CHECKED.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

And can it be?—must it at length depart,
The wond'rous life that dwelt with me so long?
And shall the dust reclaim this breathing heart
With all its burthen of unuttered song?—
'T is well! that kindred life with me had grown
Like some poor house-mate, unbeloved of all;
One at whose coming, welcome never shone—
One at whose parting, tear did never fall!
But ah! ungrateful, whither do I stray,
Forgetting thus the gentle hearts around me?
Behold! I smile my peaceful days away
As though the touch of grief had never found me;
And, like a storm-hushed eve's divine repose,
My calmed days are loveliest at their close.

September 16. 1834.

THE DESERTED.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

Oh, never weep when I am gane, nor sigh to hear my name,
But fauld my hands upo' my breast, an' bear me to my hame;
An' yonder by the wide, wide sea, oh, lay me cauld an' low,
That saftly ower my gowden hair the bonnie waves may flow.

II.

I wouldna like to lay my head aneath the kirk-yard wa',
Sae sadly there, frae darksome yews, the lang, drear shadows fa':
I couldna sleep in storied tomb, nor 'neath the chancel floor,
Nor rest below the grass-green sod I aft hae wandered o'er.

III.

But mony a day I've langed to lie alane beside the sea,
For weel I luve the booming tide, sae bounding an' sae free;
There ever ower my head shall sweep the storm-bird's snowy wing,
An' voices o' the rushing winds my ceaseless dirge shall sing.

G. S. Newton, R.A. pinx.t M. I. Lauforth sculp.t

THE DESERTED.

Printed by E. Bryan

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IV.

I ask nae fading flowers o' earth to deck my clay-cauld breast;
A weary warld I leave behind, an' go unto my rest, —
A weary warld, wherein my heart grew auld before its time,
And life's sweet flowers, frae aff my breast, fell, withered in
their prime.

V.

An' strike nae mournfu' harp for me, when life hath frae me
fled,
A voice sae sweet aboon my rest would wake me frae the dead;
An' I would sleep a soun', soun' sleep, an' never dree the pain
To hear anither wake the harp I ne'er may strike again.

VI.

Then never weep when I am gane, nor sigh to hear my name,
But fauld my arms upo' my breast, an' bear me to my hame;
An' yonder by the wide, wide sea, oh, lay me cauld an' low,
That saftly ower my gowden hair the bonnie waves may flow.

TO NINE SISTERS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Come back again, and be my Muses,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore. CAMPBELL.

I.

LET other bards their homage pay
To sisters, all have dubbed "divine,"
A love sincerer prompts my lay,
To hymn a less immortal Nine!
What hath *my* humble lyre to do
With goddesses too fine for earth,
Whose simple music ever drew
Its source from spells of lowlier birth?

II.

A wild, Æolian lute, whose strings,
By nature swayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to move;—
Fond brooding thoughts, and visions soft
Of fireside peace and homebred love.

III.

In years long past, when life was new,
  Ere Time or Care had touched my brow,
My earliest songs were given to you;
  Come back and be my Muses now!—
Now that my heart is faint and worn
  With many a vigil dark and long,
And I have learned those hues to mourn
  Which brightened once my hopes and song.

IV.

The smiles that lit my path of yore,
  And bade my lyre responsive thrill,
May imp my flagging wing once more,
  May raise my drooping spirit still:
Oh, could that sunshine bring again
  The high resolves my boyhood knew,
Haply, I then might wake a strain
  Worthier a poet's fame and you!

V.

The buoyant pulse—ingenuous glee—
  That spring-like, rich, romantic gleam,
Which tinges every thing we see,
  And makes our youth one blessed dream,—
A summer day, of deep delight,
  When not a threatening cloud is near,
When all is beauty to the sight,
  And all is music to the ear!

VI.

And such *my* life, when Hope was young,
And the bright world before me lay,
And visions of enchantment flung
Their glories on my lonely way.
Ay, such was life to me, when first
Inspired by you, my gentlest Nine!
Fresh from the fount of feeling burst
The songs that wreathed your names with mine!

VII.

Ye, too, are changed: the gamesome child,
My Muse of mirth in other days,
That bade me share her gambols wild,
And charmed me with her winning ways, —
Is now a child no more; but moves
With slower step, sedater air;
With many a grace her Poet loves,
But not the smiles she used to wear.

VIII.

And ye, o'erstepping then the bound
'Twixt girlhood's bloom and woman's beauty,
Whose hearts the hallowed bliss have found
Of matron love and matron duty, —
Long o'er your happy circles reign,
And watch love's budding flowers unfold;
But never can you be again
The gladsome band you were of old!

IX.

Yet ye shall be my Muses still,
By Fancy painted as of yore;
Still shall my harp responsive thrill
To spells it oft hath owned before:
The meeter inspiration far
Those unambitious chords to move,
Whose cherished themes so often are
Childhood's sweet smiles, and woman's love.

X.

Let loftier bards their tributes bring
To nymphs of more uncertain mood;
Whilst grateful memory bids me sing
A fairer, kinder sisterhood:
For them may Faith's bright beacon shine,
Its grace in God's good time be given;
So shall they shame the heathen Nine,
And be immortal, too,—in heaven!

THE BISHOP'S ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COLLEGIANS."

Tantundem dat tantidem.

"THEY talk a dale about bishops in our own times," plase your honour, "in regard o' reform, an' things that way; but I hard a story of a bishop that was there long ago, an' I declare if he didn't flog all the bishops in Europe; its a dhroll thing. Do you see that island out appozzite us in the wather?"

The speaker pointed with his stick to an island, standing about fifty yards from one of those stupendous cliffs which look out upon the Atlantic from the western coast of Ireland. It was a singular piece of land, rising from the waters almost to the height of the precipice on whose brink we stood; that is to say, about three hundred feet. From its contiguity to the cliff, and the similarity of its structure, it might be conjectured that it had at one time formed part of the shore, and was separated from it by the raging of that immense ocean, whose overgrown billows meet here their first impediment. The summit of this singular islet was a small tabular plot of ground, on which a few sheep were grazing, though by what means an animal without wings could reach that height seemed enigmatical. Between this lonely rock

and the mainland, a multitude of sea-fowl mingled their discordant screams with the roar of the troubled waters, that heaved and foamed against the base of the cliff.

"Do you see that island out frontin' us?" repeated my companion.

"I do."

"Well, an' do you see now a dawny stone, with the say-gull sittin' above upon it, in among the sheep?"

With some difficulty I was able to perceive the stone.

"That stone was onst a *statute* of a bishop that owned the island, although there's little marks of a stone statute about it now. That's the bishop I'm tellin' you I heard talks of in regard of his doin's, an' I'll tell you the story if you like it."

Perceiving me attentive and curious, he sat at his ease upon the mossy border of the precipice, and commenced his narrative.

"There was a bishop long ago, an' he had a great house upon that island. 'Tis the way he used to go to and fro betune it an' the land was be manes of a dhrawbridge, that he could pull ashore after him either on one side or the other, as he plased.

"Well, what do you think of this lad of a bishop? He used to keep open house on the island, invitin' all the quolity about the counthry to his house, and thratin' 'em like a prince. Only I'll tell you of a thrick he had, for all the good opinion the people had of him about the place, that wasn't over an' above seemly for a bishop.

"He'd invite a parcel o' jettlemen an' ladies of a time that he'd know had plenties o' money, an' he'd give 'em the best of enthertainment for a couple o' days. Well an' good. After that, may be, he'd get up of a mornin' before sunrise,

an' he'd walk ashore with himself, an' he'd dhraw the dhraw-bridge after him, an' he'd lave all the company there upon the island without a bit of vittles, may be for as good or betther than a week or a fortnight, an' they havin' no manes o' comin' ashore. Maintime, himself would go about the counthry divartin'. Well, when he'd think the company had time to be starved, back he'd go to the cliff, an' lay out his dhrawbridge again, an' step across to the island to see what was the matther there; an', findin' 'em all dead with the hunger, he'd take their cash an' goods, an' fling the bodies out over the cliff into the say, an' nobody but himself knowin' any thin' about it.

"Well, aisy until I tell you how this *janius* of a bishop was pinned in the latther end. 'Tis unknown how long he was goin' on with these capers, until of a time one o' them ould chieftains an' his wife (a great haro of a lady), that lived near the village o' New Auburn over, begun talkin' about the business of a day an' they after break'ast.

"'Erra, isn't it dhroll,' says the lady, 'that any company that goes to the bishop at all, somehow or another we never hear any more of 'em afther?'

"'T is eroo,' says the ould chieftain.

"'I declare to my heart,' says she, 'I'd like to make it out.'

"Hardly the word was out of her mouth, when who should walk in the doore to 'em only the lad himself, an' he comin' to ax 'em to his great house.

"'I'd be happy to accept your lordship's offer,' says the ould chieftain, 'only I've a mort o' money in the house, an' I'd be in dhread to lave it afther me.'

"'E', can't you get a big chesht, an' bring it with you, man?' says the rogue of a bishop (knowin' well what he was about).

"'Do, eroo,' says the wife; 'be said by his lordship,' says she: 'an' sure 'twill be safer there than here itself,' says she.

"Well, 'twas so settled, sir, and the lady, unknownst to her husband, ordhered a couple more baskets, an' filled one with arms an' the other with provisions, roast and boiled, eatables and dhrinkables, an' away with 'em to the island. When the bishop seen the three cheshts, you'd think his heart would jump into his mouth, although he never pertended any thing, only smiled an' welcomed 'em to the place. In they went, an' found a great company inside before them, ladies an' gettlemen, an' they as pleasant as could be, sportin' an' talkin'. Well, afther two days faistin', the ould chieftain got up of a mornin', and, walkin' out the hall doore, what should he see only the dhrawbridge dhrawn ashore upon the cliffs, and not a sighth o' the bishop to be seen high or low, nor one belongin' to the house, an' not a sign o' break'ast. Well, the company were bothered, and the ould chieftain began scoldin' his wife for biddin' him to be said to the bishop. She said nothin', only let 'em talk away, and they all wondherin' what made her look so calm. Afther lettin' 'em fast for a couple o' days, she carried the ould chieftain with her into the room where they laid the chests, an' there she opened 'em an' showed him the arms an' provisions, an' every whole ha'p'orth.

"Well, they all gev it up to her that they owed her their lives, an' they *kitchened* with what was in the chest, until they seen the ould poet of a bishop settlin' his dhrawbridge, cocksure they were all dead. In he came quite aisy, just like a cat that would be stalin' into an ould garret, an' spyin' about for the mice. Well, if he did, my lady had 'em all ranged with their swoords an' bagnits in the hall, an' when he

put his nose inside the doore, they fell upon himself an' his men, an' thrated 'em just in the same way he meant to thrate themselves, by castin' 'em out over the cliff into the main ocean.

"I think, sir," concluded my informant, with a sagacious nod, "that was a rale poet of a bishop."

MORAL.

Never go to dine with a bishop who lives alone on an island in the sea, without taking arms and provisions concealed in your chest.

DIANA VERNON.

The beautiful female portrait on the adjoining page was designed by the painter as an impersonation of the character of Diana Vernon. If Mr. Wright desires to represent the glove-scene in "Rob Roy," he has committed a mistake in making it take place in the open air. It occurred, it will be remembered, in the library.

J. W. Wright, pinxt

H. Cook, sculp.

DIANA VERNON.

London, Published Novr 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co Ave Maria Lane.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN IMPROVISATRICE;

A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

Behold a breast that could the world defy
At length laid open to thy searching eye!
As springs a plant from out its parent mould,
Thy soul's first bloom shall leaf by leaf unfold;
A soul once filled with dews of early truth,
And love, the fragrance of the flower of youth!
All now is withered, the last leaf is gone,
And the bloom lives in memory alone:
Alas! the gift of song hath but the power
To raise the ashes of each buried flower!

II.

It was no dream when first in youth I stood
By the fair shores of Arno's sounding flood,
No vision false that offered to mine eye,
Borne on the tide, the light barks glancing by;
The vine-crowned banks, lit by the sun's last gleam,
The olive-boughs, green-waving by the stream;

The ruined pile that towers above the deep,
Where evermore the wind-swayed banners sweep;
Or, rising dark in all its shattered pride,
Each palace lone by that fair river's side.
'Twas mid a scene so fair, that first and last
The joy of Nature o'er my spirit passed.
And 'mid those fallen remains of olden art
I left the wilder ruin of my heart!

III.

Scarce on my life's young path, yet all untried,
The flowers of fourteen springs had bloomed and died,
Ere him I saw, whose voice, for ever gone,
Still wakes on memory's chord its sweetest tone!
Ah, happy time! that ever grief should rase
From life the first fresh feelings of those days!
When each bright hour upon its swift wings brought
The gush of tenderness, the flow of thought!
When the hushed spirit, like a waveless ocean,
Waits but a breath to swell in soft emotion.
Farewell the years! farewell the scenes of youth!
The soul's devotion, and its dream of truth!
No more for me the olive banks shall gleam
By the swift waves of Arno's bounding stream;
Never, as once, my lingering foot shall fall
'Mid the grey ruin of each time-worn hall;
For me no more the light barks cleave the tide,
No more the banner-folds wave wild and wide:
Cold as the sculptured forms of yonder aisle,
That, mournful, seem above their tombs to smile;
In memory's eye each hope around me spread
Smiles, like a living image of the dead.

IV.

Four years swept on, — four sweet, yet bitter, years, —
And left my cheek no bloom, mine eye no tears:
The noon, the promise of my life, is gone,
And where is now the vision of its dawn?
The dream, wherein I dwelt through years to come,
The single treasure of his heart and home?
'T was mine to meet his gaze with silent eye,
Who would have gloried for his sake to die;
And with a heart no other's voice could move,
Greet the calm tone, as of a brother's love.
When others' warmth would this weak breast alarm,
How sweet to turn to his protecting arm!
That arm for ever true, for ever near,
The lonely covert to the wounded deer;
When every other sheltering wing was furled,
The only refuge from a warring world.
Though day by day beneath these lids I felt
The drops that would not freeze, and dared not melt;
Though with each added pang, each stifled pain,
The links of life were dropping from the chain;
From my fixed eye no tear was seen to roll,
None marked the inward struggle of my soul;
Though many a bitter taunt's relentless shower
Sunk on my heart, like blight upon the flower,
If e'er my cheek grew crimson at his name,
'T was the quick blush of anger, not of shame;
Ah! far too gentle was that love, though vain,
And o'er my cheek it passed, and left no stain.

V.

At length the gloom, that robed me as a shroud,
Swept by, as o'er the moon's pale form the cloud;

Within me woke a voice, till now unheard,
Like the rich carol of some early bird;
How rushed the waves of grief with backward roll,
A second spring grew green within my soul;
O'er my day visions passed a gentle throng,
Of hearts subdued by tenderness and song;
In fancy, round my hearth loved faces smiled,
In thought, I heard my father bless his child;
While he, for whom so long I lived and breathed,
Round these pale brows the poet's crown enwreathed!
Alas, the seeds of hope, untimely shed
On life's lone waste, dull weeds too soon o'erspread;
The only fruit that of the germ appears,
Lives in the gathered harvest of my tears.

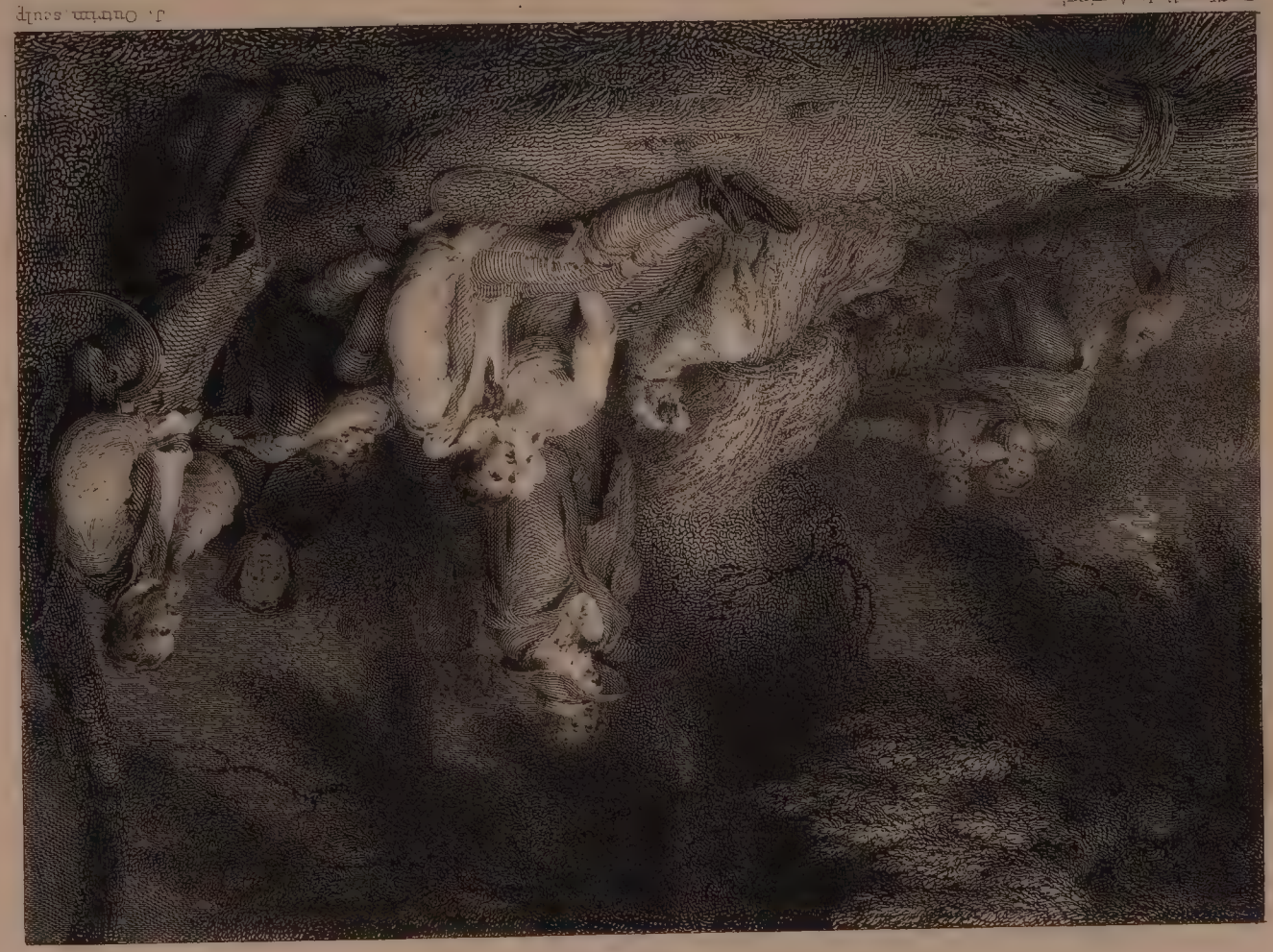
VI.

The dream is o'er, the vision vain and wild;
Oh, father, frown not on your mourning child!
When breathed sweet hope her first, her last, farewell,
Deep in my soul the penal ashes fell;
The living world unto mine eye grows dark,
And seas of death are swelling round mine ark;
This quivering voice the closing waters drown,
And the wrecked heart amid the rush goes down!

THE STORM IN HARVEST.

R. Wessell, R.A. Pinxt.

J. Outrim, sculp



London, Published Nov.r 1834, for the Proprietor by Whittaker & Co.r Ave Maria Lane.

RICHARD WESTALL, R.A.

THERE is no living painter who has enjoyed a larger share of public favour than Mr. Westall; certainly no one who has so successfully depicted rural life in England, as it existed in the palmiest state of our agricultural prosperity; ere the "schoolmaster" was yet "abroad," or the British peasant had exchanged the "blissful ignorance" of simplicity and truth for the more questionable advantages of cheap beer and penny magazines. Two of the earliest and most attractive of his performances in this branch of art are the well-known pictures of "The Storm in Harvest," and its pendant, "The Reapers;" both of which were engraved some thirty years ago, in a style of excellence of which we have but few examples (in the chalk manner) in more recent times. The remarkable popularity of these subjects, painted originally in water-colours for the late Mr. Chamberlayne of Southampton, and afterwards repeated in oil for Mr. Payne Knight, induced Mr. Westall to execute a series of pictures illustrative of rural manners in this country. Among the most beautiful of these compositions, we must not forget to particularise his "Cottage Door" (perhaps the most perfect specimen of his powers in this line of art); his "Peasant's Return;" "Coming from the Well;" and "Sunday Evening;" — all of which are more or less characteristic of their kind. He did not, however, confine the efforts of his pencil entirely to rustic life; as his "Una;" "Alfred and his Mother;"

"Margaret of Anjou in the Forest;" "St. Cecilia;" "Sappho;" "The Drowned Fisherman" (splendidly engraved on a large scale by the late Mr. James Heath); "The Minstrel" (perhaps the most exquisitely poetical of all his works); "The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus" (a charming composition); a pair of highly poetical pictures, illustrative of Telemachus; "Nymph and Cupids;" "Contemplation;" "The Fisherman's Return;" "The Reconciliation of Helen and Paris;" the noble pictures (engraved in the Shakspeare Gallery) of "Wolsey arriving at the Abbey of Leicester," and "Hotspur and Glendower;" "The Black Prince finding the Body of the King of Bohemia," "Helen before Priam;" and other historical groups, sufficiently attest.

In referring to these designs, the most deservedly popular of his works, we have purposely avoided any allusion to his illustrations of Scripture, much too numerous to be mentioned in detail; or the immense variety of book designs which we owe to his fertile pencil. There is scarcely an English classic, whether poet, novelist, historian, or philosopher, whose works he has not assisted in rendering more acceptable to the public by his elegant and appropriate designs. Among the best prints engraved after his drawings, the most pleasing are unquestionably those charming vignettes for the poets and classics, published by Mr. John Sharpe; a man whose good taste and enterprise led the way to a species of luxury in book engravings, which was doomed eventually to drive his own beautiful publications out of the market, and deprive him of the means of continuing a pursuit, in which, with many competitors, no subsequent aspirant has been able to excel him. With the exception of the late Mr. Stothard, there is no artist after whose productions so many prints have been engraved as from those of Mr. Westall. We think we must ourselves have met with nearly a thousand

plates from his designs, in a large proportion of which he has had considerable justice rendered to his art. So early as 1795 (in which year he painted "The Storm in Harvest," and "Reapers"), Mr. Westall was elected a Royal Academician, on the night that Lawrence and Stothard were invested with the same honours. In 1827 he was appointed preceptor of drawing to the Princess Victoria, and last year principal painter to Her Royal Highness and the Duchess of Kent.

Although we are not writing Mr. Westall's life, we cannot conclude this imperfect notice of his works without referring to a volume of very tasteful poetry from his pen, published in 1808, under the title of "A Day in Spring," with "Odes descriptive of the Characters of the Greater Poets," illustrated with some charming designs from his own pencil. These poems prove that, if Mr. Westall be "a truant from the pencil to the lyre," he is as capable of propitiating the Muse of poetry as that of Painting. The poem from his pen in the following page, transcribed from the album of a friend, evinces more of cheerfulness and content than poets of the sentimental order usually care to acknowledge.

THE PLEASURES OF VICISSITUDE.

BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.

> The hues of bliss more brightly glow
> Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
> And, blended, form, with artful strife,
> The strength and harmony of life.
>
> GRAY.

WHEN all the sky's serenely blue,
When roads are good, and tolls are few,
And horses safe, and chaises new,
  And postboys drive us carefully;

Then all monotonous the days,
And void of interest seem the ways,
As lolling backward in the chaise
  We lounge and grumble sleepily:

Then beds seem hard, and inns are cold,
And mutton tough, and chickens old,
And cheeses strong, and void of mould,
  And landlords cheat prodigiously:

But when across the vault of night
Wide flame the forked bolts of light,
And horses gallop with affright,
  And rear and start confusedly;

Or when a drunken postboy drives,
Regardless of the limbs and lives
Of those by whom his master thrives,
  Up starts each latent energy;

Then every steep's unguarded flank,
And every ditch profound and dank,
And e'en each gently rising bank,
  Alarm the traveller horribly.

But if those ills we steer between,
How lovely looks the blue serene!
How pleasant the long level green,
  Which tired us once confoundedly!

How safe a harbour seems an inn!
How honest looks old double chin,
His thrice-dressed dinner bringing in,
  And bowing to us courteously!

Ye wretched few, deprived of bliss,
By what the world calls happiness,
I feel and pity the distress
  Which makes your lives drag heavily.

Continual good is sure to cloy;
'T is from the mixture of alloy
That ease is ease, that joy is joy,
  And ecstasy is ecstasy!

THE BENUMBED BUTTERFLY.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Beautiful creature! how I envy thee!
Pillowed on that soft bosom, gently heaving
In its transparent purity; more fair
Thus exquisitely shadowed by thy wings
Of crimson, purple-eyed, bedropt with gold.
The morning chill nigh killed thee: happy creature!
Thou wilt revive again, like a glad soul
In Paradise; and tremble in thy bliss,
And wave thy wings rejoicing.—Ha! even now
The breath of love that ruffles o'er thy down,
Like summer breezes on a bed of flowers,
Hath stirred the life within thee, and awakened
The fragile spirit of thy tender frame.

But see—she smiles, she smiles; her sunny mouth
Dimples with hope and joy; her dewy eyes
Are full of pity. Oh, how sweet to watch
The thrilling changes of that angel face!
She smiles upon thee; and, as if new life
Came like an emanation from her eye,
Thou leap'st to life again.—Ah, silly one!
Say, wilt thou fly that haven of delight
And safety, where she cherished thee, like Love,

And nourished thee with pity and warm sighs!
Alas! like Love, ungrateful! So, poor elf,
Inebriate with joy, thy giddy wing
Shall, for a time, thy form from flower to flower
Waft; but autumnal dews shall soon benumb
The little feeble heart within thee; soon,
Like the harsh season of adversity,
Night winds and rains shall come, and thou shall die—
No gentle breast to shelter thee again.

Oh! what a throng of similes I wove
For thee, while cradled in that happy place
Thou slept'st supine! Methought that thou wert like
A delicate flower cast on a bank of snow;—
Like Cupid nestling in his mother's arms;—
Like a fair barque, from winds and waves escaped,
Close harboured in a warm and sheltered creek;—
Like a star beaming from the milky way;—
A monarch on his throne of ivory;—
A jewelled brooch;—a bright autumnal leaf
Rocked on a limpid wave;— a humming-bird
Perched on the blossom of the orange-tree;—
Or fairy sprite, ethereal Oberon,
Sleeping within a lily's stainless cup;—
Or, dearer still, as famous poets feign,
A Psyche, in her emblematic dress
Of life, and joy, and immortality,
Harmlessly dreaming near her wedded love.
Nor these alone—but thou art fled; and I,
Ingrate! have chattered more than thou art worth.

Currah, 1815.

SONG OF THE SEA-FOWLER;

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY W. COLLINS, R.A.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

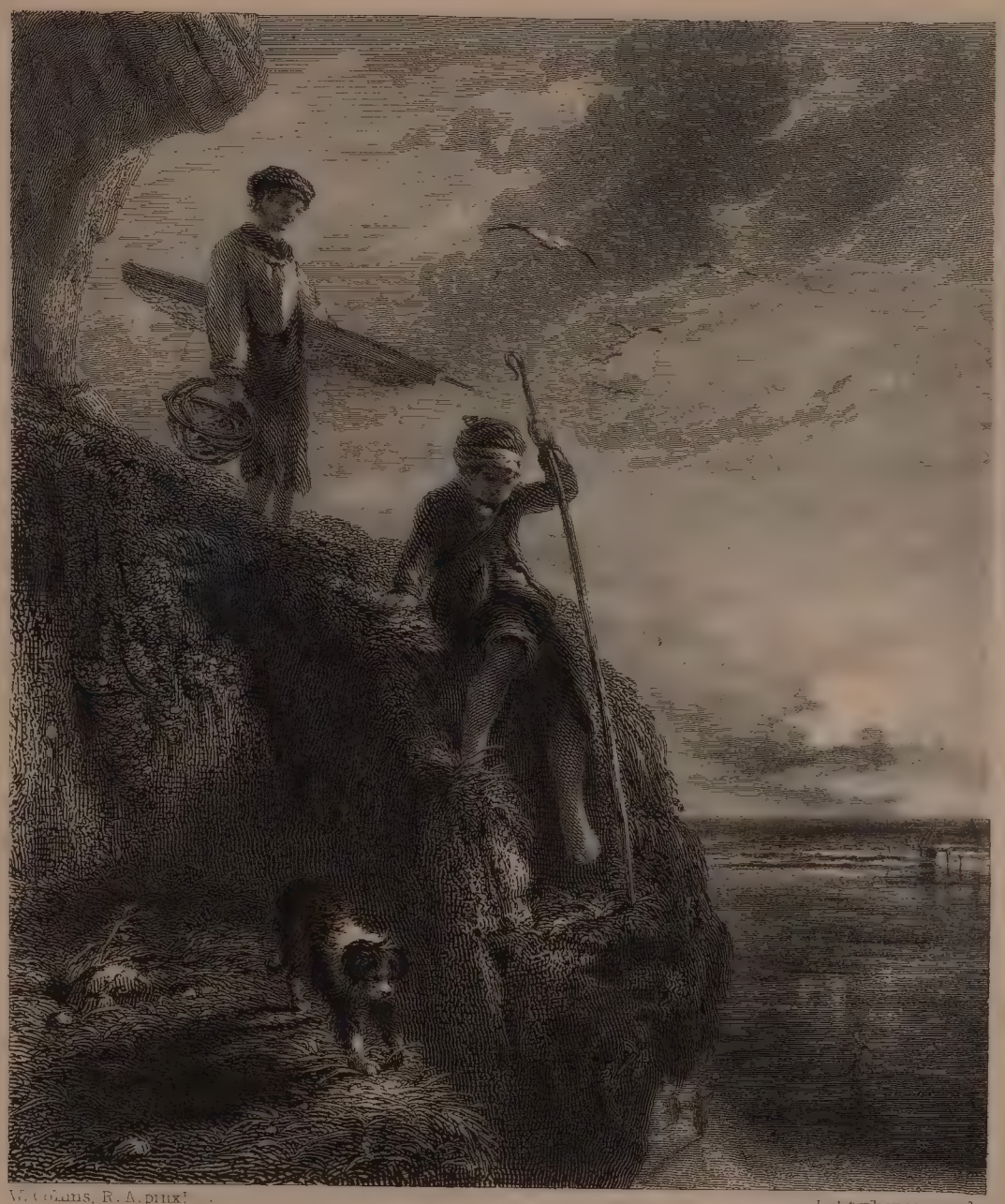
THE baron hath the landward park;
The fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl
Belong alone to me!

II.

The baron hunts the running deer;
The fisher nets the brine;
But every bird that builds its nest
On the ocean-cliffs is mine!

III.

Come on then, Jock and Alick,
On to the sea-rocks bold;—
I was trained to take the sea-fowl,
Ere I was five years old!



W. Collins, R.A. pinxt.

J. Stephenson, sculp.

THE HAUNTS OF THE SEA FOWL.

London, Published Nov.r 1854 for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co.s Ave Maria Lane.

IV.

The wild sea roars and heaveth
  On the granite crags below;
And round about the misty isles,
  The fierce, wild tempests blow.

V.

And let them blow! roar wind and wave,
  They shall not me dismay;—
I've faced the eagle in her nest,
  And snatched her young away!

VI.

The eagle shall not build her nest,
  Proud bird although she be;
Nor the strong-winged, lordly cormorant,
  Without the leave of me!

VII.

The eider-duck hath laid her eggs;
  The tern doth hatch her young;
And the merry gull screams o'er her brood;—
  But all to me belong!

VIII.

Come on then, Jock and Alick,
  To the splintered sea-cliff's brow!—
Where are the lads?—I wot ye,
  On the topmost crags ere now!

IX.

Away, then, in the daylight,
And back again ere eve!
The eagle shall not rear her young
Unless I give her leave!

X.

The baron hath the landward park;
The fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl
Belong alone to me!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

BY SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.

INVENTION seems to have been regarded, in all enlightened periods, as the highest and most admirable quality of the human mind—as the quality which makes the nearest approach to the agency of creation—and as affording the most generally acknowledged evidence of that intellectual power which we denominate by the vague term Genius. The invention of the poet and the painter should here be distinguished from that of the philosopher and the man of science. The former is an operation of the mind, in which the imagination and the fancy are the prime agents; judgment regulating for their purposes the materials which the stores of memory supply, independent of any direct external co-operation. The inventions of the philosopher and the man of science should rather be termed discoveries; as they are the results of reasoning from the effects of experiment on external objects, and of observation on the various phenomena of nature. Thus the mariner's compass, the steam-engine, and the safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy were produced by the observation and detection of new properties in matter, which the happy combination of scientific sagacity and mechanical ingenuity applied to the performance of functions in which they had never been previously em-

ployed, and of which they were not before known to be capable.

This distinction is not introduced here with any intention to undervalue the enlightened agency by which the miracles of science are every day wrought around us, but merely to connect a more definite meaning with the term Invention, as applied to poetry and the fine arts. The invention of the poet and the painter is a purely intellectual operation. It consists in the conception of the story or subject upon which their peculiar powers are to be employed, the framing of such events and incidents as are calculated to effect its developement in all its parts, and the introduction of such characters as may appear to be the appropriate actors in each scene. In the exercise of their invention, thus far, the poet and the painter perform the same task. The painter is thus far a poet, though the poet is not a painter. It is when he comes to his canvass, when he sets about to body forth, and give visible form and existence to his conceptions, that the peculiar invention of the painter commences.

The poet, however, does not always invent his story, nor the painter his subject. They generally have recourse to the stores of history or tradition, for such striking events, adventures, and situations, as they consider to be the best adapted to their purpose. Thus, Homer (or the bards whose collective labours we admire under that name) founded his work on the Trojan war and the mythology of his time; Milton derived his sublime subject from the inspired pages of the Sacred Volume; and Shakspeare, there is reason to believe, rarely, if ever, taxed his imagination for the construction of those fables and plots, upon which he has founded the immortal dramas that have rivalled the noblest productions of all former ages in that department of literature.

The records of history, sacred and profane, have furnished the painter with his noblest subjects. The graceful fictions of heathen mythology, and the fanciful regions of poetry in general, have opened to him an exhaustless mine of materials for the exercise of his pencil. The ancients represented their gods and heroes under circumstances of incident and action suggested by the religious rites and popular legends of their day. The old masters, as the great artists of the Medicean era are denominated, resorted also occasionally for subjects to the picturesque attributes of pagan idolatry; but they most frequently directed their attention to the rich stores of the Old and New Testaments, as affording themes the most acceptable to the taste and piety of their best patron, the Church.

But though the poet and the painter have been generally content to select some celebrated occurrence or striking incident of ancient or modern times, upon which to employ their commemorative powers, yet there are many examples in which they appear to have exercised their invention to its fullest extent, and imagined the events and circumstances which form the subject of their works, as well as the peculiar modes by which those subjects have been illustrated. Of this more comprehensive operation of invention, Spenser, in his "Faery Queen," and Fénélon, in what may be justly called his poem of "Telemachus," have supplied us with examples. Amongst artists, instances of this kind are more rare: but Michel Angelo, in the conception and illustration of his plan for the decoration of the Chapel of Sixtus in the Vatican; Raffaelle, in the "Dispute of the Sacrament," the "School of Athens," and others of his works; of our own School, Hogarth, in the "Marriage à-la-mode," and the "Rake's Progress;" and Barry, in his noble attempt to illus-

trate the "Progress of Human Society;" have invented the subjects of their works, as well as the works themselves.

But the peculiar invention of the painter consists not so much in imagining a subject for his pencil, as in his mode of treating the subject he has chosen. It is seen in the manner of conceiving and telling his story, as represented on his canvas, in the introduction of such incidents, persons, and things, as are suited to its effective developement, and in the employment of such actions, characters, and expressions as appear to be appropriate, impressive, and picturesque. These are the tests of an artist's inventive powers: they include those attainments of his art in which the largest proportion of the intellectual is combined with the mechanical in his operations; and, as such, they afford evidence of qualities which have ever been allowed to hold the highest rank in the estimation of true taste.

Invention, therefore, must be considered the first and noblest characteristic of genius in the painter, as well as in the poet. But it is obvious, that a subject or story may be well conceived, the developing incidents may be judiciously imagined, and the actions and characters appropriately selected; and yet these prime qualities of a work of art may be rendered wholly ineffectual, by an awkward and unskilful arrangement of the various groups and objects through whose agency they are to be displayed. Composition, then, or the art of disposing the component parts of a picture in such a manner as that each shall occupy its proper place, and co-operate to the proposed effect and picturesque impression of the whole,—composition is that power of the painter which claims to rank next to invention, for intellectual dignity and pictorial importance.

R. Westall, R. A. pinxt

F. Staines sculpt

HENRY IV AND GABRIELLE D'ESTREES.

London Published Nov. 1834, for the Proprietor by Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane.

HENRI IV. TO THE FAIR GABRIELLE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

Nay, fling back that veil, — 't is a shame to the sky
The sight of such beauty as thine to deny!
Nay, fling back that veil, — were it but to disclose
A cheek that is reddening to rival the rose.

II.

And yet thou art fair, my beloved one, how fair!
And thy young cheek is pale, save when blushes are there.
Sweet messengers springing, the rosy and fleet,
Thy heart's timid truths to surprise and repeat.

III.

Come, give me the cup; but how pale is the wine!
It is mocked by the light in those blue eyes of thine!
Those eyes that the midnight and morning unite,
Like the moonshine so soft, like the sunshine so bright.

IV.

They say that the stars, which are shining above,
Can tell of man's glory, can tell of man's love;
But I ask not the love that is writ in the skies,
So long as I read of thy heart in thine eyes.

V.

Ah! give me one moment that little white hand;
Its least wave commandeth where'er I command;
Oh! fair are the lilies of Bourbon's proud line —
But they are not so fair as this white hand of thine.

VI.

The trumpet soon summons the soldier from rest,
He has brief while to gaze on the face he loves best;
My foot in the stirrup, my hand on my sword,
I must live on a look, I must woo with a word.

VII.

My idol, farewell! — But ah! give me to wear
One curl from thy ringlets of long golden hair;
It will cheer me when lonely, will lead me in war,
And in death will be found next the heart of Navarre.

ON THE WANT OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR HISTORICAL PAINTING IN THIS COUNTRY.

BY THE LATE SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.*

If in any thing that has relation to the Fine Arts, I have ever ventured to differ from the opinion of an illustrious friend now no more†, (whose grand conceptions will gain increased admiration as the higher objects of art are cherished and understood,) it was, in the too desponding view, or rather prophecy, of the fate of historical painting in this country, which formed part of the introduction to his admirable discourses.

I am aware that too many examples of unmerited disappointment present themselves in support of his opinion. I lament, with my professional friends, that he himself exhibited, through his long career, the most striking instance of neglected genius; and I am likewise conscious that a person too fortunate in a secondary branch of painting, is an advo-

* We are indebted to the kindness of Sir Thomas Lawrence's executor, Mr. Keithley, for permission to include in the present volume, an unpublished Discourse, delivered by Sir Thomas, on the biennial Distribution of the Prizes at the Royal Academy, in 1829. A few pages of routine remark only have been omitted.

† Fuseli.

cate who must naturally be listened to with distrust, when combating complaints, from the causes of which he has himself been exempt. Still I will hope, that my known admiration of the superior department of art, and my respect for its professors, will preserve me from the charge of insincerity on this subject, or of being inattentive to the circumstances which seem to have justified their complaints.

Without adverting to those considerations which have been so often urged,—the difference of climate and national habits; the limited dimensions of English houses when compared with the mansions of Italy; and that luxurious profusion of furniture which darkens as well as decorates their apartments; may there not be something inherent in the Art, which occasions this uncertainty of reward? and do we not a little undervalue its difficulties and importance, in expecting that its higher beauties, which are only to be developed in works of legitimate history, or of dramatic and epic power, can be readily felt and understood, before the public mind has been thoroughly informed, and cultivated to receive them?

We know that art, in its highest character, is not only "a sealed book" to large classes of even polished society; but that the very language in which they are to read it, is created by its professors. What range of thought in literature is fettered or obscured to the simplest mind of unclouded faculties by the medium through which it is conveyed? Science, indeed, may be said to have its exclusive nomenclature; but its technicalities are easily acquired; are single and definite in their meaning; and, once secured, are subject to no mistake or error. I am almost ashamed to employ this argument, because I have a strong recollection that it has been urged, with far superior force, by the ablest advocate of our profession, when weighing the pretensions of

the sister Muses, whose votary he is *: the ONE example, in the long history of poetry and art, of their union in an eminent degree, in the same individual.

But how many instances must have occurred to my friends around me, when painting has been the topic, of the singular absence of intelligence on this subject, in the most accomplished persons; minds prepared by education, informed by travel, and stimulated to the attainment of general knowledge by the proprieties and duties of high station; but who, with the candour of superior natures, have acknowledged their inaptness to enjoy or understand an art, which they admit it to be the soundest policy to encourage!

Among even its warmest patrons, — those arbiters of taste whose profound learning and extensive information has invested them with almost undisputed authority in the highest circles of society; and who have proved their sincere attachment to art, and the generosity of their natures, by their prompt and fearless liberality, — what narrow and mistaken notions of it have not been held and publicly maintained!

In a work of no distant date, of singular analytical acuteness, and embracing the largest field of intellectual enjoyment of which the principles of taste have cognizance, the author, when arguing on the powers of the different arts, and those faculties of the mind to which they peculiarly appeal, arrives at length at the conclusion, that painting and music (for he classes them together) "apply only to the SENSES, and do not address themselves to the imagination."

The unfairness of this assertion, as it relates to painting, consists in its selecting an inferior exercise of the Art, as the standard by which it is to be tried. Yet, supposing it to have reference to that school, which Sir Joshua, perhaps

* Sir M. A. Shee.

justly, styles the ornamental, it would be difficult to persuade minds over which imagination has the slightest influence, that those magnificent visions of Tintoretto, which sweep over the ceiling of St. Roc, are nutriment only to the senses, and not calculated to awaken every latent spark of poetic feeling, informing, however scantily, the coldest mind.

As colouring, with its necessary adjuncts of chiaroscuro and effect, presents to the painter charms of infinite variety, and far greater difficulties than can be conceived by those who are not professors of the Art, it is no wonder that men of the noblest genius should engage in the pursuit of an excellence, in itself of the most captivating beauty, and demanding the clearest perceptions of their faculties. But because still nigher powers of the mind are in the mean time less actively employed, and examples in its loftier and severer style are few, is painting, therefore, to lose its rank? On the contrary, is not that a very unphilosophical reasoning, which forms a conclusion against the powers of an Art, from that practice of its professors, which is limited by the demand of their employers? Whatever that Art has once done, it is capable of again doing; and when, in a subsequent page, the author acknowledges the Cartoons and the Transfiguration to be "sublime," he himself presents the fullest refutation of his former opinion, that "painting applies only to the senses, and does not address itself to the imagination."

Poetry, to which the sister Muse is thus sacrificed by the writer, is indeed a divine art, and demands peculiar homage from the painter; but he must not shrink from his claim to equal competition. It has long been part of my secret pride in my profession, that whilst, in our own country at least, there exists but one individual member of it who eminently excels in that kindred Art, I know not a single instance of an artist, distinguished in his profession, who is

not keenly sensible of its beauties, and possessed of that discriminating taste that can best appreciate and enjoy them. But the natural, and I may say inevitable, advantages of the poet, are often confounded with his intellectual powers.

The painter has greater difficulties to overcome. He has not merely to call up the images of grace, beauty, grandeur, terror, grief, compassion, by exciting the vague ideas of them in the mind of the reader; but to present distinct combinations of them to the eye of the spectator, in their defined and actual forms; and to gain from his sensations acknowledgment of their truth.

This is the arduous task he has to accomplish, and has achieved: and those who can contemplate the works that now surround us without emotion, and do not receive sublime impressions from the Cartoons of Raffaelle, the Last Supper of Lionardo, and the Prophets and Sibyls of Michel Angelo, may be assured that Nature or Ignorance has disqualified them from forming an estimate of them; and that they are less likely to be cold critics, than capable of being critics at all.

Whatever ridicule may attach to the wearisome repetition of a phrase, we cannot but observe that a great struggle is now agitating the world; and that unusual efforts are making in the discoveries of science, the diffusion of useful knowledge, and even the more elegant attainments of the human mind. In a neighbouring country, long the powerful rival of our own, a change of public opinion is said to be taking place as it regards the Fine Arts, analogous to that which is now the subject of contention between two great parties respecting the literature of France.*

* Sir Thomas here alludes to the Romantic School of Painting in France, of which Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Scheffer, Delacroix, Eugene Deveria, and Decamps are the leading disciples; in contradistinction to

The present result of both, is flattering to the genius of England. The claims of Shakspeare are no longer unsupported by foreign criticism, but are now the theme of its admiration; whilst the English school, as created by Sir Joshua, West, and Wilson, and supported by the labours of Barry, Fuseli, Gainsborough, Opie, Hoppner, and Owen, and by other revered professors now living, and some their juniors in the art, — is not without its converts among accomplished artists, whose courtesy affords ample testimony of its skill.

May we not justly and wisely return the compliment? Is there not something of severer study in our schools still wanting for the completion of our claims to those higher walks of art, in some great essentials in which (whatever be their deficiencies) our rivals so eminently excel?

With this impression, Gentlemen, on my mind, I have thought it would not be displeasing to you to lay before you

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that commonly known by the title of *Classic;* of which David was the Coryphæus. Those who derive their impressions of French art from the cold, hard, but often exquisitely designed pictures of the *Classiques*, will do it considerable injustice. The friendly intercourse which has for some time past subsisted between the arts of the two countries has produced a manifest improvement in that of France; and whilst our neighbours are endeavouring to emulate the colouring, and its concomitants of *chiaro-oscuro* and effect, by which British painters have earned so much reputation abroad, it would do us no harm if we were to attempt reprisals on the facility, vigour, and correctness of their drawing, and the chivalrous splendour of their compositions. We are aware, however, that whilst the noblest specimens of Historical Painting which modern times have produced, from the pencil of our own Hilton, are lying rolled up in his Studio, although repeatedly exhibited for sale at prices immeasurably below their intrinsic value, works of the same class in France, but of far inferior merit, are purchased with the greatest avidity, if not for the decoration of private residences, for churches, chapels, and public edifices in all parts of the country.

an example of that careful mode of study in historical composition, which is sometimes practised in continental art; and which has for its authority the example of the greatest masters, — of Raffaelle, Michel Angelo, Giulio Romano, and the Caraccis.

The work now before you, (the subject of which is, that simple line in Scripture, "And the famine was sore in the Land,") is the work of Mr. Overbeck, a young German student, and had been painted in fresco for the Chevalier Bartoldi, a zealous amateur, before I had the happiness to visit Rome. Its author is now an artist of great celebrity, and his subsequent works, with others by his compatriots, decorate the Palazzo Mazzini in that city; and add to the modern acquisitions (in which England likewise has its triumph) of his Bavarian Majesty at Munich.

You will not misconceive my motives in placing it here for your inspection. Much as I sincerely admire it, it is less the merit of the work, than the advantage of the process, that induces me to direct your attention to it. I think it an able and affecting composition: but its chief value with me at this moment is, that it presents an example of that purity of outline, and careful study of the parts, which I consider necessary to the attainment of the great style; and which, if pursued with the zeal of the French and German schools, (as there is little danger of the English eye becoming indifferent to colour, or of its judgment failing in the conduct of a whole,) may add that last finish that alone is wanting to the genius of British Art; and (with advancing taste) obtain that protection for its reward, that may give expansion and permanency to its fame. Of the approach of that period I cannot bring myself to doubt. The genius, the patriotism, and increasing intelligence of England, must secure it.

We know the munificent advances towards it that have

been made by deceased and existing patrons of the art; the grateful feelings that are attached to the names of Stafford and De Tabley, of Egremont and Bedford, of Angerstein and Farnborough, of Peel, Essex, Lansdowne, and Wells. Yet all these advantages might still be ineffective, if the spirit of the nation were torpid in our cause. And what is now the prospect presented to us?

The experience of the last few years has shown us, that a love of the Fine Arts, long generating, has lately been rapidly kindled from one end of this great kingdom to the other, and that hardly a principal city or county town exists, in which the liberality of some enlightened individuals has not founded establishments for their support and cultivation. Exhibitions have been formed, and schools instituted, for the advancement of the public taste and the improvement of provincial talent. The same feeling has extended itself to the sister kingdom. The national pride of Scotland has been roused in the general emulation, and is gratefully seconding the genius of her sons. Whilst that country, which has so often showered down its wreaths of eloquence and valour on the councils and military glories of Great Britain, is now as zealously exerting herself in the cause of art; and in the very infancy of its efforts, and from the private body of its professors, has exhibited in the conduct of one illustrious man, worthily at their head, an example of as genuine patriotism, as ardent zeal, as lofty independence, and as feeling charity, as ever graced the annals of antiquity. These circumstances surely bear in them the seeds of hope; let us not, therefore, despair of the eventual ripening of the harvest.

G. J. Newton, R.A. pinx.t

S. Sanders sculp.t

THE BILLET-DOUX.

London, Published [illegible] by Ackermann [illegible] Strand.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

Yes! sweet letter, I will keep thee
  Years — alas! it may be years;
Midnight's lonely hour shall steep thee
  With the tenderest, truest tears.
'T is his last — his farewell letter,
  Doomed 'mid distant lands to rove;
He may find a brighter, better,
  Never a more faithful love.

II.

Yet to such vain fear replying,
  When the days pass long and lone;
Still my heart, on his relying,
  For his truth will pledge its own.
Ah! the love from childhood cherished
  Links a sweet and household tie;
If such old affection perished,
  All life's early hopes must die

III.

He will think, when summer weather
  Lights some foreign forest glade,
How we used to roam together
  In the greenwood's golden shade.
When strange flowers are round him blowing,
  Purple in their eastern pride;
He 'll recall the wild ones growing
  By his native river's side.

IV.

On some stranger's hearth when gazing
  With a home-awakened heart,
He 'll but see the wood fire blazing
  Where we wont to sit apart.
All life's dearest links enthrall thee,
  Wheresoever thou may'st roam;
Every thought that can recall me,
  Must recall, too, youth and home.

V.

Yes! I see the gliding motion
  Of his vessel on the deep;
Oh thou far and fearful ocean,
  Carefully my loved one keep.
Ah, ye white sails slowly sweeping,
  Like the wings of some vast bird,
Stay one moment for my weeping:
  Let my last farewell be heard.

VI.

Tell him how each morning breathing
  Shall my constant prayer ascend;
How the earliest flowers enwreathing,
  I shall at our altar bend.
May St. Geneviève watch o'er him,
  Every night I'll seek her shrine;
May she to his home restore him,
  To a home that will be mine.

THE SILENT EVE.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I WOULD the air had something less of calm!
Far better could I bear the rush of storms:
The voice of earth to me hath most of balm
When strong convulsion her lone breast deforms.
This trance-like hush my sinking spirit awes,
Each tree—each leaf, is moveless to mine eye,
As if great Nature made a sudden pause
To list the heaving of a mortal's sigh!
Oh! for the thunder's crash—the forest's roar—
The wild and boundless waves' unceasing roll;
Or direst sounds e'er earth or ocean bore,
To chase this sickening silence from my soul;—
This death-like calm, that mocks the undying breast—
This stillness of the grave—without its rest!

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

Briskly blows the evening gale,
Fresh and free it blows;
Blessings on the Fishing-boat—
How merrily she goes!
Brave and bold's the Fisherman,
Peril never heeding,
Yet with steady heart and hand
For the time of needing!

II.

Christ he loved the fishermen;
Walking by the sea,
How he blessed the fishing-boats
Down in Galilee!
Dark the night, and wild the wave,
Christ the boat is keeping,
Trust in him and have no fear,
Though he seemeth sleeping!

W. Collins, R. A. pinxt

G. A. Periam, sculpt

PRAWN FISHERS.

London, Published Nov.r 1834 for the Proprietor by Whittaker & Co.s Ave Maria Lane.

A MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY SONG TO HER FIRST-BORN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

Beauteous and most beloved!
The year that dawned upon thy birth
On rosy wings hath lightly moved;
And still thy healthful hue, thy buoyant mirth
Gladden thy mother's conscious heart:
Oh! could'st thou ever be what now thou art!

II.

But vain the wish, and wild —
The stroke of suffering or of woe
Must reach the mother through the child;
And thou, unconscious babe! thou, too, must know
The general doom; thou, too, must share
Man's common heritage of toil and care!

III.

Dear as thou art, and dear
As to thy father's heart and mine
Thou ever must be, yet the tear,
From which we cannot shield, may soon be thine;
And pain on that sweet open brow
May set a seal, though all is sportive now!

IV.

But, O thou loveliest flower!
Though blasts may bruise thy slender stem,
Or winter's bleak ungenial shower
Weigh to the dust thy scarce-expanding gem;
Still is the root secure in earth,
Still lives the promise of a brighter birth!

V.

Hence, at thy natal hour,
'Tis not the anxious mother's prayer
That far from thee may fall the shower,
The cloud sail o'er thee, and the tempest spare;
But that thy life may glide away,
Unvexed by cares, a cloudless summer-day.

VI.

The path to heavenly light
Through darkness leads; a wreath divine
Succeeds the struggle and the fight.
O may that light, sweet babe! that wreath be thine!
And to the mother's prayer be given
To hail her first-born child the child of heaven!

J. Phillips pinxt

H. Robinson, sculpt

GULNARE.

London, Published Novr 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Cº Ave Maria Lane.

GREEK FEMALE BEAUTY.

The picture, from which the present print has been engraved, was exhibited three years ago, in the gallery of the British Institution, as an ideal portrait of Lord Byron's Gulnare. There are, however, discrepancies both of feature and countenance between the two portraits, which entirely forbid any such identification. The character of Gulnare, in the "Corsair," is that of a woman whose external appearance denotes a calm gentle spirit, prone to affection, grateful, and confiding; but inwardly swayed by sudden impulses, and therefore liable, in untoward circumstances, to sink into the instrument of the worst passions. The moment she bestows her heart, like La Esmeralda in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," on her casual deliverer, adieu to all ties, both human and divine! Even the sacred engagement of bread and salt, respected in her country by the worst robbers, by Conrad himself, has no power over her. This may, perhaps, in certain positions, be natural; but, admitting the existence of such a character, it would be necessary, in endeavouring to clothe the spirit with a suitable exterior, to make choice of a very peculiar assemblage of features. Regular, and apparently tranquil, they might be: but in the lip and eye there should be a lurking expression of pride, not open and noble,

as becomes the countenance of the free, but veiled, and thrown by affected meekness and humility into the shade. Indeed, all the muscles of the face should exhibit the coolness and immobility of a mask, as they do in the harem slave, schooled by terror into a show of gentleness: yet, through all this placidity, we should be able to detect slight traces of fierceness, and that restlessness, indicative of revenge deferred — the frozen unjoyous smile, the cheek prematurely faded, and the whole visage lighted up by a species of sepulchral brightness.

But, if Mr. Hollins's creation be not Gulnare, it is something better. The artist has studied in Greece, that great nursery of female beauty, and here brings before the eye one of those superb faces, which, though not peculiar to the Greek race, are more commonly found among them than any other nation. It is no longer the beauty of classic times, in proportion, symmetry, and harmony of features, bordering on ideal perfection. Faithful to nature, he has preserved, in his picture, the changes which time, and the mixture of barbarian blood, have effected in the descendants of that people of unrivalled organisation. The forehead rises less perpendicularly — there is a slight angularity in the cheek — in the upper part of the nose there is somewhat too little breadth — in the lower part too much: between the eyebrows also, — which, in the beauty of antiquity, nearly met, — a considerable interval is perceptible; and this, though it imparts a more sunny aspect to the countenance, detracts, in some measure, from the air of severe loveliness which would result from the contrary arrangement. But the eyes, large, liquid, and dark; the small mouth, not smiling, but redolent of smiles; and the rich oval chin, in which we scarcely miss the dimpled mark of Love's finger; all these belong to the race

of which beauty was the most prominent national characteristic.

Rarely do we find, in any part of Greece, an example of beauty in strict accordance with the classical model. Even among the Moreot girls, in the unfrequented mountains of Messenia, traces of intermarriage with the barbarian are discoverable; but these peculiarities, being linked, in all persons of Gothic race, with early cherished associations, constitute, what hasty or insufficient judges appear to consider something more beautiful than beauty itself. To the same cause must be traced the error, so common in those who treat incidentally on the loveliness of womanhood, of imagining some fanciful irregularity of features preferable to exact symmetry and proportion: not perceiving that beauty can never gain by the absence of one of its principal elements. For persons of so imperfect a taste, however, the modifications wrought by accident, in the original Greek type of perfection, possess superior attractions; but, to the artist, ambitious of impregnating his mind with ideas of genuine beauty, these marks of deterioration in the physical structure yield only disappointment and pain.

In Candia, and generally wherever the Greek population has been degraded by intermarriage with foreigners, a corresponding declension from the original standard of beauty may be perceived. Several characteristics of the pure race immediately grow less prominent. Instead of that exquisite oval outline, observable in the visages of the ancient statues, we discover a certain squareness and angularity, not unlike the distinguishing traits of the Mongols; and, in the course of a few generations, every mark of classic origin wholly disappears. The barbarians, it is true, seem, in many cases, to gain what the Greek loses; for, at present, many Turkish families, instead of the coarse Tartar features which their

ancestors brought along with them from the banks of the Amoor, exhibit almost every peculiarity of the Grecian countenance, but the soul by which it was animated.

In the genuine Greek face, indeed, nothing is so remarkable as its intellectuality; which, in the successive stages of its debasement, until it is wholly merged in the coarse features of the barbarian, is the last sign of its noble origin which it loses. And, in the women of Greece, this trait still constitutes the most powerful attraction. They are soft, gentle, pliable, but not weak. Their impassioned character, fraught with the elements of every thing great in human nature, harmonised, however, by the spirit of womanhood, generally preserves them from contempt or neglect. Wherever they are beloved, they rule; not by those petty arts, which sometimes render the feeble an overmatch for the strong, but by the natural ascendency of enthusiasm. Education, if properly adapted to the female constitution of mind, would, no doubt, enhance their value, and give to their powers a more resistless influence. But, even when their mental resources are not rendered available, they possess a vivacity and earnestness seldom found in the women of the North. You could commune with them for ever. Far less than ourselves the slaves of conventional prejudices, they unravel with marvellous facility the tangled web of character, and confide most unboundedly where they see good ground for confidence. Their imaginations, gifted with a plastic power akin to that of poetry, if not identical, enrich even the most trivial conversation with novel and sparkling images—all feminine, all dipped in the fountain of beauty, all distinguished for that grace and delicacy, which of right belong to the language of woman. Less the slave of sense, but more of passion, even than the stronger sex, they are constant and unswerving in love or hate.

In the smaller islands of the Archipelago, very little exposed to the inroads of foreigners, the physical structure and features of the inhabitants correspond with those of the original race, even more closely than among the mountains of the Peloponnesus. But it is not in any part of Greece itself, perhaps, that the stranger enjoys most opportunities of contemplating and comparing the varieties of Greek beauty. There has hitherto been no capital where families from all the different provinces might be seen assembled together. To-day, perhaps, you behold the natives of the islands; and anon, passing over to the continent, you institute comparisons from memory, which, however, is seldom sufficiently retentive to enable us to judge properly of forms. Greater advantages are enjoyed in the large Mohammedan cities of the East — such as Alexandria, Cairo, and Constantinople, — where, unfortunately, the Greeks, driven by poverty from the land of their forefathers, are always found in great numbers. Happening to be at Alexandria during the celebration of the Easter festival, I accompanied the late Consul-General to the Greek Convent, where upwards of 2000 persons of both sexes, from every part of Greece, were assembled. The whole building, church and all, was so crowded, that it was impossible to remain long within. Ascending, accordingly, to the upper galleries, and the roof, where many of the ladies, with their younger children, sat apart from the multitude, we enjoyed an ample opportunity of scrutinising the features and costume of the fair dames. Many were dressed in the European, but the greater number in their national style — the latter by far the more becoming. In general, the men were rather below than above the middle size, but strongly built, and generally possessing most expressive and handsome countenances. Beauty was more rare among the women; but there was one — a young, staid, grave matron, —

who might have served as a model for the Minerva Medici. Their children generally were distinguished by surpassing loveliness: plump, fair, beaming with innocence and mirth —a sight that diffused an unclouded sunshine over the soul.

DEJECTION.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

'Tis well I have not loved this beauteous Earth
With an o'ermastering passion;—well for me
That from the first sad moment of my birth
My spirit's gaze was turned inwardly:
All lovely things are fading from mine eye;
The grassy verdure, with the bright dews wet,
And yon blue fields that greet me from on high,
Wherein the stars like living flowers are set!
The very key of melody is gone
Wherewith of old I lulled the grating time;
And harsh the chords which now remain alone
To sound the death-dirge o'er my failing prime;
To bid in peace my spirit's wings be furled,
Or sigh my farewell to the passing world!

Sir Thos. Lawrence, P. R. A. pinxt. W. H. Simmons sculpt.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

London Published Novr. 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane.

THE SISTERS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

They grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies but one heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

I saw them when their bud of life
  Was slowly opening into flower,
Before a cloud of care or strife
  Had burst above their natal bower; —
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace
That mantled o'er each sparkling face.

II.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars —
  The youngest of an April sky; —
Far, far from earth, and earthborn jars,
  Together shining peacefully; —
Now borrowing, now dispensing light;
Radiant as Hope, and calm as bright.

III.

What were they then? Two limpid streams,
  Through life's spring vale in beauty gliding;
Mingling like half-remembered dreams;
  Now, 'neath the gloom of willows hiding;
Now, dancing o'er the turf away
In playful waves and glittering spray.

IV.

I see them as I saw them then,
  With careless brows, and laughing eyes;
They flash upon my soul again
  With all their infant witcheries;
Two gladsome spirits sent on earth
As envoys from the Muse of Mirth.

V.

Such fancy's dreams; but never more
  May fancy with such dreams be fed;
These buds have withered to the core
  Before their leaves had time to spread!
Those stars have fallen from on high;—
Those streams are now for ever dry!

VI.

When spring was gladdening all the skies,
  'Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather;
Death came to them in gentlest guise,
  And smote them in his love together:—
In concert thus they lived and died,
And now lie slumbering side by side!

[Some apology may be deemed necessary for the introduction of these lines, suggested several years ago by Sir Thomas Lawrence's beautiful picture, and published at the time they were written. They will, however, be new to a very large portion of the readers of this volume.]

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

Men build to thee no shrine,
Yet every holy place is filled with thee;
Dim groves and mountain-tops alike are thine,
Spirit of Poetry!
Island and ocean-peak;
Seas, where the keel of ships shall never go;
Cots, palaces, and graves; whate'er can speak
Of human love or woe!

II.

All are the shrines where thou
Broodest with power, not visible, yet strong;
Like odour from the rose, we know not how
Borne to the sense along!
Oh! spirit, which art pure,
Mighty and holy, and of God art sprung;
Which teachest to aspire and to endure,
As ne'er taught human tongue;

III.

What art thou? A glad spirit,
Sent down, like Hope, when Eden was no more,
From the high heavenly place thou didst inherit,
An Eden to restore!
Sent down to teach as never
Taught worldly wisdom! To make known the right;
And the strong armour of sublime endeavour
To gird on for the fight!

IV.

I see whom thou hast called—
The mighty men, the chosen of the earth;—
Strong minds invincible, and disenthralled,
Made freemen at their birth!
I see, on spirit-wings,
How thou hast set them high, each like a star,
More royal than the loftiest names of kings,—
Mightier than conquerors are!

V.

How hast thou cast a glory
Over the dust of him, sublimely wise,
The blind old man, with his immortal story
Of a lost Paradise!
How thou, by mountain-streams,
Met'st the poor peasant, and from passion's leaven
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes,
In Mary's voice from heaven!

VI.

'T was thou didst give the key
Of human hearts to Goethe, to unlock
Their sealed-up depths, like that old mystery
Of the wand-stricken rock!
All these I see — and more; —
All crowned with glory — loftier than their race!
And, trembling, I shrink back, abashed and poor,
Unworthy of thy grace!

VII.

For what am I, that thou
Should'st visit me in love, and give me might
To touch, like these, man's heart; his pride to bow;
Or, erring, lead him right?
Oh! dost thou visit me!
Is it thy spirit that I feel in all —
Thy light, yet brighter than the sun's, I see —
Is thine this spiritual call?

VIII.

It is! it is! Though weak
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak
As gentle friend with friend!
With thee I walk the ways
Of daily life; and human tears and sighs
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,
And with them sympathise!

IX.

Hence is it, that all tears
Which human sorrow sheds are dear to me!
That the soul struggling with its mortal fears
Moveth me mightily!
Hence is it, that the hearts
Of little children and unpractised youth
So gladden me, with their unworldly arts,
Their kindness and their truth!

X.

Hence is it, that the eye
And sunken cheek of poverty so move,
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by,
My soul, to human love!
Spirit, I will not say
Thou dost not visit me; nor yet repine,
Less mighty though I be, less great, than they
Whom thou hast made divine!

J. G Middleton pinxt. J. Goodyear, sculp

DOROTHEA.

London Published 1824 for the Proprietor by Whittaker & C. Ave Maria Lane.

THE DOROTHEA OF CERVANTES.*

Who does not recognise the lovely Dorothea? Who does not envy the barber and the curate the surprise of so glorious a vision illumining the tangled recesses of the Black Mountain? The episode which introduces her story is perhaps the most poetical fragment of the great epic of Cervantes. We have elsewhere broader humour, and more surprising and various adventure; yet is the legend of Fernando and Dorothea full of beauty and full of significance;—wholly redeeming, if rightly understood, the memory of Cervantes from the reproaches of which he has been so frequently the object.

Our limits will not allow us, even if we could suppose it necessary, to enter into any detail of the fair fugitive's story. There are few of our readers who know not how the wealthy farmer's only daughter—descended from a true line of ancient

* The print on the opposite page will, no doubt, be recognised as a faithful transcript of one of the leading attractions of the spring exhibition of the British Institution of last year. The picture is from the pencil of Mr. J. G. Middleton, hitherto known to the public chiefly as a portrait painter. It was purchased, on the day of the private view of the gallery, by Mr. Fairlie; but, in consequence of circumstances wholly unconnected with either the artist or the picture, it has been thrown back upon his hands. We trust that this untoward accident will not discourage him from pursuing a walk of art in which he is so eminently qualified to shine. The Key Note, introduced in another part of this volume, is also from the same hand.

Christians, uncontaminated by Moorish blood, and ranked by their neighbours with *hidalgos*—was loved wildly and to desperation by the son of the Andalusian grandee;—how his serenades, and his epistles, and his untiring gallantries only fortified the resolution of the Christian maiden not to listen to any advances from one whose rank forbade her to suppose he had any honourable design;—how the treachery of her maid placed the cavalier at her feet, in the privacy of her chamber, in spite of double-bolted doors;—her consternation, her alarm, her balanced fears that left her hesitating and passive; the sighs, the tears, the eloquence of the high-born lover; the pity, the admiration, the kindling ambition, that overpowered the maiden's scruples, and induced her to accept his proffered vows, pledged with solemn imprecation before the holy cross and the Blessed Mother of God;—constitute but the usual tale of man's importunity and the too easy credence of woman. Then comes satiety and desertion on the part of the cavalier; on that of the maiden, heart-wearing anxiety, deepened at length to despair on the announcement of her faithless husband's approaching nuptials to another. Now the treacherous attendant hears the reproaches which she has hitherto been spared; and, with another, though, alas! not more faithful guide, the lady hurries, scarce knowing her own hopes or intent, to confront her perjured betrayer. But the unholy nuptials had been violently interrupted. The faithless husband had vainly attempted to rob another of his bride, and had departed in jealous indignation. Meanwhile the farmer is not inactive. His only hope and dearest treasure has escaped he knows not whither; and what are all his wealth and respect to him, if he cannot recover her? The fugitive, accordingly, hears a reward proclaimed in the market-place for her discovery. Agitated equally by shame and terror, she seeks concealment, accompanied only by that

attendant whom she had drawn from her father's house, in the recesses of the Sable Mountain. There opportunity excites the brutal passions of the wretch, and he insults his unhappy lady with rude entreaties and attempted violence. A well-timed push precipitates the monster from a crag; and Dorothea, without venturing to ascertain his fate, again seeks safety in flight. A clown harbours the disguised beauty, and employs her in tending his cattle. But accident betrays her disguise, and she is exposed to fresh difficulties. Again she fled—she knew not whither, or with what hope: but Providence was kinder to her than her hopes. As she sits bathing her feet under the drooping ash, "making a sunshine in the shady place," a party are approaching, destined to relieve her from all her troubles, and to re-unite her in love and honour with her noble spouse.

Such is the outline of the story of Dorothea. The poet connects the episode with his main action, by employing her as the instrument to withdraw his hero from that dreary waste in which he is doing penance. The whole account of the penance in the Sable Mountain is a close imitation—as, indeed, are many other parts of the work—of Amadis de Gaul. Amadis, in penitence and seclusion, rues the rigour of the jealous Oriana, and the Maid of Denmark withdraws him from his unknightly inaction. Notwithstanding, however, the fidelity with which Cervantes parodies the Iliad of the Romances, nothing can be more certain than that the extravagancies and absurdities of these writings were his sole object of ridicule or censure. If any one part of his work could be more appropriately selected than another to vindicate him from the charge of designing to bring the loyal and religious spirit which animated the age and institutions of chivalry into contempt, it would be this very episode of Dorothea. How beautifully does the conscious self-respect

of the farmer's daughter blend with her instinctive reverence for the descent to which her forefathers have for generations owed fealty! How gracefully do the wayward passions and false shame of the self-willed but generous cavalier yield to the appeal to his honour as a gentleman and his faith as a Christian! The pride of birth, and the caprice of self-indulgence never inured to restraint, might have resisted the earnest pleading of the deserted, had she not touched that sacred chord. "Have some regard to your honour," pleads the prostrate beauty; "remember you are a Christian." Eloquent is the whole of her impassioned plea, and surpassed only by the expostulation of repulsed Eve in the language of our own Milton: but the true pride of the grandee, and the deep-seated faith of the Catholic, are the grounds of the triumphant appeal. This self-sacrificing honour, and this profound devotion, were the soul and essence of chivalry. Whatever there was of elevating and ennobling — whatever there was of touching and divine, in the spirit which urged the Christian knight in his career against the lawless and faithless oppressor, or melted him in penitence before the sepulchre of his Redeemer; all was summed up in the two words "Honour and Religion." To the spirit and enterprise of chivalry do we owe the transmission of civilisation and religion over that chaotic epoch when the invading elements of barbarism had not yet emerged into the order of a new creation. The cessation of that elemental strife, and the organisation of another social state, called for new manifestations of that living soul of all that is more than man in man. The lance and the quest were misplaced and absurd; but reverence and faith were no less essential than of old to the dignity and happiness of man. Not against these, then, did Cervantes ever arm his tongue with contemptuous words. The portraiture of Don Fernando is the evidence

that he designed to represent these as the conservative principles of society,—the bond of all duty, and the sole worthy ornament of rank.

In the age and country of Cervantes, civil restraints and universal order were but recently established, in the room of disunion and sword-law. Formerly, foreign occupation, envenomed by every contrariety of blood, language, and religion, had perpetuated insecurity, and given value to the virtues of the strong hand and the stout heart. In more recent times, jealousy, disunion, and poverty had armed the petty kingdoms of the Peninsula each against the internal prosperity of its neighbour. In the age of Cervantes, all these things had passed away. An united sovereignty, an uniform legislature, and identity of interests, had introduced domestic order, and order had generated wealth. Discovery had explored mines from which foreign riches poured over the land in a tide which was ultimately, alas! found to be of fatal copiousness, and had opened a boundless field for the enterprise and the ambition of those turbulent spirits who might at home have endangered public tranquillity. In these circumstances, the spirit of the age became eminently practical: the splendid illusions of the past became unintelligible and distasteful; they embodied ideas and necessities no longer recognised or felt by the mass, and only faintly reproduced in the imagination of the speculative philosopher. Yet, practical as were the tendencies of that age, they were not wholly of the earth, earthly: loyalty had still a meaning, and faith was not yet a jest. Rank was held in reverence with which no sense of degradation mingled, but rather an elevating pride was felt, as in the discharge of a worthy debt; for obedience to the voice of duty was the aim and honour of the lowly.

Such was the spirit of the age which Cervantes has embodied in his immortal romance; therein rightly discharging

the function devolved upon the highest genius, to transmit to posterity a faithful record of the mode and forms of civilisation in which the poet exists. Thus have we a series of pictures of human life, from the days of Homer downwards, all showing an unvarying essence incarnated in an endless diversity of shape and colour: man, one; the circumstances of Life never twice the same.

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

My bosom pines for death,—nor vainly moans
Far down oblivion's silent gulf to glide;
Even now the mighty King of many thrones
Steals on with noiseless footsteps to my side.
His is the empire o'er the wasted heart,—
His are the kingdoms of the spirit crushed,—
His are the envious boundaries that part
This sea of life from shores where all is hushed.
Great King, behold me suppliant at thy knee!
One breath of thine would waft me to that land
Where longs this sorrow-laden wing to flee:—
Oh! lead me onward with thy loving hand;
No form of light on earth so fair may be
As thy soft shadow seemeth unto me.

April 5. 1834.

ISHMAEL'S DESPAIR.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

I.

By yon well-side, where shading spreads the plane-tree's
sturdy bough,
A lofty stranger grieving stands, with his robe flung o'er his
brow.
The well is cool, as crystal clear, the spreading leaves are
green,
But who and what art thou, stranger, who gazest on the
scene?
Oh, question not with idle words, nor mock that lonely
one,—
'Tis the Hunter of the Wilderness,—'tis Hagar's outcast
son!

II.

Firm knit his limbs,—erect his port,—and beautiful his face,
As the meteor-crowned majestic chief of the fallen angel race.
And, lo! amid what stifling sobs his words indignant burst,
Like a rock-spring gurgling forth amid the pathless desert's
thirst.
E'en as the lightning's flashes fall those gloomy waves upon,
Sparkles with ire the low'ring brow of Hagar's outcast son!

III.

"And I could curse thee, Tree!" he cries, "yea, curse thee with a spell
Might to earth's central spring drive back the waters of thy well!
To breathe that mystic word I came; but, oh, as here I stand,
An alien from my father's home, a vagrant in the land,
My softened soul recurs to days when my happy race was run
Upon thy margin green, where played my mother and her son!

IV.

"How blest and how beloved we were! how strong our vineyard's fence!
A father's guardian prayer o'erwatched mine infant innocence!
I was the first-born of his strength, the nursling of his love,
Till against nature's instincts bright, an envious woman strove.
And withered be that ruthless heart by whom the deed was done,
That drove forth to the wilderness my mother and her son!

V.

"I do remember how, at first, her soothings sought to cheer
The little wanderer by her side, as there were nought to fear;
And then, and then, as on we went, her flagging steps grew slow,
Her guiding hand relaxed its grasp,—her voice waxed faint and low.
Faint as it was, its pleadings reached the Omnipresent One,
For God was in the desert with the outcast and her son!

VI.

"Then water bubbled in our cruise, and gladness smiled around:
No heart so gangrened with its woes, but *He* can heal the wound!
And when a voice from Heav'n proclaimed her child, her pledge of grief,
The sire of nations yet to come, the desert's archer-chief,
Oh, joyful were my mother's tears to know a race begun
Of royal power and regal pride in *me*, her love-born son!

VII.

"And *I* was proud and joyous, too, to think this shame-scathed brow
Would bear a crown,—ah, barren crown!—my soul is wiser now!
Now know I the vain breath of life an evil gift, to those
Who win with toil their scanty bread, and struggle to the close;
Who, like myself in Paran's wilds, from dawn to set of sun,
Wrestle with want and weariness for mother, wife, and son!

VIII.

"Behold! my brother's heritage, how green and fair it is!
Why was I driven, by laws unjust, from such a land as this?
Why was I birth-shamed,—why sent forth to prey for food,—why cursed
With heaven and heaven-taught man's disdain in bitter rancour nursed;
Though from no altar-kindled rite my soul its radiance won?
Oh, jealous GOD! why visit'st thou the father in the son?

IX.

"There's sadness in my teeming tents,—the fear of famine yields
Drought to the summer's sultry sky, and mildew to the fields.
O'er nature's gifts my people watch in keen and savage mood,
Climbing the mountain's barren steep, or plunging in the flood.
'We asked for bread!' they cry, 'and, lo! thou givest us a stone!
Where are the corn and wine and oil of the Egyptian's son?'

X.

"Oh, weary, thankless destiny! to break my bitter bread,
Still trembling that the morrow's store may be less freely spread;
Still bound in fell misfortune's chain! — a slave, a worse than slave,
No Sabbath day for Ishmaël shines,— no rest but in the grave!
And I would lay me down and die. But who, when I am gone,
Will feed the helpless ones that guard the cradle of my son!

XI.

"Tree, spreading tree! where Hagar once the aid of Heaven implored,
Here, leaning on thy guardian stem, I call upon the Lord.
I call upon his might to smooth my rugged destiny,
To render life less hard to bear, or give me leave to die!
Oh, mitigate thy wrath! Withdraw thy judgments, holiest One!
And from thy heaven of heavens smile down relenting on thy son!"

GEORGE BARRET.

Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
But wanting the accomplishment of verse.

WORDSWORTH.

THE lovers of water-colour painting can hardly fail of being acquainted with the works of this distinguished artist; whose successful delineation of nature, in her most poetical moods, has earned for him the not inappropriate cognomen of the English Claude. One of those accidental circumstances which so often determine the peculiar bias of the human mind, — namely, Mr. Barret's acquisition of a house commanding one of the most magnificent and extensive views of the effects of the afternoon sun, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, — appears, in the first instance, to have directed his attention to the peculiar walk of art for which he has been so long and so justly celebrated. In this residence, although too small to afford convenient accommodation for his family, and harmonising as little, if he regarded external appearances, with his present rank and popularity as an artist, he has continued to reside for twenty-five years.

To such as have any personal acquaintance with the man; with the philosophical simplicity of his character and habits, and his unwearied enthusiasm in his art; it will not

appear surprising that the advantages which this residence has afforded him of studying his favourite effects, (and he has traced the sun, in his various works, through each successive hour of the day, from its rising to its setting) should have been considered by him as more than counterbalancing all its other ineligibilities; or that he should have been sought and admired for the very qualities which so long and faithful an apprenticeship to nature had enabled him to acquire. His commissions have accordingly been, for the most part, for sunset or twilight effects; they being, of all others, the best calculated to exhibit the peculiar characteristics of his genius; and hence an absence of that variety in his exhibited works, which is so essential a requisite with the multitude; and without which the productions of either the painter or the poet are almost certain of incurring the charge of sameness and mannerism. No accusation can, however, be more absurd, when made in a spirit of reproach or detraction. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, Claude, Rembrandt, and other beacon-lights of their respective eras, were all mannerists, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; and those painters only have escaped the imputation, whose works are so far founded on their predecessors, as to make it difficult to discover to what school they belong; mere compilers in art, too devoid of character and individuality, to present any traits to distinguish them from the mass of mediocrity with which the world has ever been infested. There is another imputation, to which all painters who take nature for their guide are necessarily liable. Claude painted sunsets, so does Barret; and if the Hippocrene of the two painters be the same, their general characteristics cannot be widely different. "If any one," says Mr. Barret (in the letter which accompanied the design from which the print on the opposite page has been engraved), "should remark

G. Barrett, pinx.t

W. Hill, sculp.t

SUNSET.

London, Published 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co.s Ave Maria Lane.

that the subject is borrowed from Claude, I can truly declare that I have never availed myself of any thing of his in my life. Nature was his master—I ought rather to say mistress; and I gaze upon her with equal admiration; but confess that to me she is more coy. The buildings introduced in this drawing were sketched from the north side of the Regent's Park; and as I found that the gravel road was not exactly adapted for either my purpose or yours, I took the liberty of exchanging it for the sea, and those accessories which appeared to me best to harmonise with such a scene."

"Originality," continues he, "is nothing more than imitation concealed by great skill. The tyro in art imitates that which others have executed, and if there be a spark of genius in his composition, his mind will expand as he proceeds; and he will soon throw off the restraint that copying pictures imposes upon him, and seek for truth in nature, where it is alone to be found in its pristine beauty. By the term imitation, in its limited acceptation, I mean the copying of individual objects or (in landscape painting) local scenes, which depend for their effect merely on a correct eye and mechanical skill. All this may be easily acquired; whereas the application of these means to higher objects demands, on the part of the aspirant, very superior qualifications. Nature, indeed, may supply the material, but the *mind* it is which must superadd the charm. The painter who possesses the true feeling for his art, seeks in nature, equally with the poet, the means that will enable him to give expression to his ideas: with this view he makes himself acquainted, not only with her general appearance, but also with her details, and the various effects which are presented to all close observers of her beauties; these materials he stores up in his mind, and whenever a happy idea occurs to him, he is thus abundantly prepared to realise it. Pictures resulting from this course of study

will convey more entirely the appearance and effect of nature than any view, however correct, of a particular spot can possibly do; the latter can be at best but a mere portrait of some individual scene, and not a representation of the general aspect of nature. It is these views which have influenced me in my long-continued efforts. I admire the effects of the mid-day light, when beneath the shade of stately trees I can rest secure from its dazzling blaze; still more do I delight in the saffron glow of the afternoon sun; but the twilight, the sober twilight,

'When all the air a solemn stillness holds,'

is my chief source of inspiration; for it is then that the fancy can take its flight unfettered; when to the eye of imagination shady groves, towers, palaces, and lakes, are conjured up; and objects are moving in the deepening shade, which the eye is unable to define, but to which the fancy is not slow to give

'A local habitation and a name.'

The sky, too, with its streak of amber light, and above (so fancy deems) a giant spectre 'floating many a rood' over the earth, enhances the illusion. It is true, that on reviewing the spot, the next day, by the glare of a meridian sun, the charm is in some degree dissipated: — the shady grove turns out to be nothing more than a common clump of trees; the towers, stacks of chimneys; palaces, brick houses; the lake, a stagnant pool; and the mysterious object in the distance a grazing cow or a donkey. The *effect* is all that can be made to dignify such a scene; and that effect must be closely imitated from nature, even though Claude himself should have copied it centuries ago."

Such is the painter's own simple and eloquent exposition of his art; and we cannot more fitly conclude this slight notice

of his works, than with the following tribute, inscribed to him by one of the most ardent of his admirers:—

TO GEORGE BARRET, ESQ.

WRITTEN BENEATH ONE OF HIS DRAWINGS OF TWILIGHT.

Barret! I love thy solemn twilight hours,
Where silent Nature dwells in soft repose;
Doffed her gay trim, and many-coloured vest,
Whilst clad in saddest hues, that seem to mourn
Life's parting day, wide o'er the fading scene
She flings the shadow of the grave. One ray,
One lingering ray of the departing sun,
Across the deep blue sky thy pencil tracks,
That speaks of brighter worlds beyond the tomb!
How dark and still the waters of that lake,
Over whose shadowy form the forest throws
Its deep impenetrable gloom. Beyond,
Some lonely turret rears its giant head,
Around whose frowning brow the tempest hangs
A mournful wreath of clouds: stern monument
Of man's fell tyranny, and restless fears!

Calm Spirit, thou hast surely felt and dreamed
With learned Poussin on the fabled shores
Of many a classic stream and ancient lake,
Where gods of yore, won by the rival charms
Of earth's fair forms, conversed with mortal men;
Or tuned their golden lyres, or breathed the flute:
Pan or Apollo, by the poplar shades
That wave o'er antique Po or Tiber's shores:
Such are the scenes thy solemn pencil loves;
To wake reflection in the kindred mind.
Paint but for poets' eyes! Still let thy tints
Kindle deep musings in the throbbing breast,
Till the rapt Muse, 'mid contemplations high,
Give birth to heavenly song.

SONNET.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

" On the first day of spring we buried her;
She hath risen with the flowers;
They to the summer's sun,
She to the throne of God!"

AGAIN God's messenger hath visited
My fold, and from my little flock withdrawn
A spotless lamb—my gentle-one is dead—
Her beauty, oh how precious in the dawn
Of intellectual expression! gone
To an untimely grave. And yet, though fled
From earth, though never more through wood or lawn
Her step shall bound before us, God hath shed
Balm, even from the vials of his wrath,
And we walk cheered, though tearful, down our path.
Oh, comforter! still heavenward points thy hand,
Where my rapt treasures, clasped in mute embraces,
Immortal gleams lightening their upturned faces,
With the cherubic choir take their appointed stand!

Currah, Easter-day, 1834.

GERTRUDE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Among the nobles charged with being the accomplices of Duke John of Swabia in the assassination of the usurper Albert of Austria, in 1308, was the Baron Rudolph Vonder-Wart; and although, as is clear from the concurring testimony of all the Swiss historians, he had taken no part whatever in the affair, he was seized upon by Agnes, the surviving daughter of the tyrant, and, after a mock trial, condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel. For three days and two nights did he endure, without shrinking, the fearful agony of his cruel infliction; during the whole of which period his wife, a beautiful young woman of the illustrious house of Balm, kept watch beside him, regardless of either food or shelter, with the most heroic firmness. On the evening of the third day, his frame becoming exhausted by the intensity of his sufferings, after murmuring faintly the words, "Gertrude, this is fidelity till death," he expired. From the scene of his death his unhappy consort retired to a convent at Basle, where she died of a broken heart.

I.

'Tis morn; o'er Kyburg's castled crag day's first faint streak appears,
Like the ray of Truth through Error's mists, or the smile through woman's tears;
With gradual step it glides along from cloud to cloud, and now
Bathes in a flood of living light Morgarten's frowning brow.

II.

The sun looks out; the heavens are gay; the earth beneath
them shines;
And the fitful breeze hath ceased to toss yon broad, black
sea of pines;
The storm that lately ravaged earth hath sunk into its lair,
And left a scene "of power to charm all sadness save
despair!"

III.

Beneath yon mountain's gloomy crest a crowd is gathering
fast,
To mark, on murder's hellish wheel, a hero breathe his last;
What though his quivering clay be cold before that sun
hath set,
Draw near,—a noble lesson learn, it is not soulless yet!

IV.

Mangled, and bleeding at each pore; denied the bliss to die;
Coiled round that dread machine he lies in fearful agony;
Two days, exposed to sun and storm, and bleaching in the
blast,
Those ghastly limbs have struggled there; but this will be
the last.

V.

Not his the crime for which he writhes, not his the vengeful
dart,
Launched with unerring aim, that lodged in Albert's tyrant
heart;
He would have braved him in the field, defied him in his
might,
Not tracked his lone, defenceless steps with felon shaft to
smite.

VI.

His innocence availed him not: — they knew the quenchless hate
He bore that tyrant's iron sway, and dragged him to his fate;
Then stormed his undefended towers, and left of all his train
Of friends or vassals, kin or kind, but ONE to soothe his pain.

VII.

Yet not in pity was she spared from that remorseless slaughter,
'T was but to glut the rage refined of Austria's wolfish daughter;
But ere her vengeance was complete, she glided from her power,
And flew to lighten with her prayers her Rudolph's parting hour.

VIII.

And bending o'er her dying lord that glorious woman stands,
With pallid brow, dishevelled hair, and clasped, beseeching hands:
The mercy that's denied on earth, she craves from One above;
And sure, if mortal prayers avail, hers will not bootless prove!

IX.

They brained her babe before her eyes, even smiling in its sleep;
They wrenched her Rudolph from her arms, — she shrieked, but did not weep;
She heard the sentence of their hate, but still she shed no tear;
They marred her beauty with their chains; she burst them, and is here!

X.

Awed by such more than mortal love, the ruffian slaves around,
Even to the minister of death, are silent and spell-bound:
They dare not for their souls approach what to their wondering eyes
Shows like some radiant seraph form descended from the skies.

XI.

Well may they deem her not of earth, for earth hath seldom seen
Such holy love, such fervid faith, so suffering yet serene;
But when the cloud of blight descends, of darkness and despair,
Upon the trusted head and heart, what will not woman dare!

XII.

That scene is all deserted now, that martyr's pangs no more;
And she who soothed his parting hour, her vigil too is o'er;
For when her last sad hope was gone, her stricken heart to hide,
She sought a covert from her foes, wrenched out the dart, and died.

1824.

[A rough sketch of the above poem was printed in a periodical, of limited circulation, some ten years ago.]

J. G. Middleton, pinxt.

P. Lightfoot, sculpt.

THE KEY NOTE.

London, Published Nov.r 1834 for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co.? Ave Maria Lane

AN HOUR OF SONG.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

'Twas Music's hour: just when the summer day
  Grows brightest ere it fades, and evening airs
Come from the many-coloured west to play
  With the parched flowers;—and the smooth river wears
A golden smile, and many a vesper lay
Floats up to heaven from convent-turret grey,
And pensive memories wake:—at that soft hour
Two sisters were alone within their favourite bower.

Fair! but how different! One, with rich blue eyes
  And heavy golden ringlets, imaged May,
When dreamy on a violet bank she lies;
  The other did on her ripe cheek display
The royal rose of Autumn's glowing dyes;
Dark-tressed, and smiling like its brilliant skies:
The one, a thing to cherish, mild and sweet,
The other, dowered with wit that Folly quailed to meet.

To sing unheard—what lured that sister pair
  To leave the gay and flattering throng below?
The same remembrance that with fancy rare
  Had graced with token-flowers that breast of snow,

And bound its circlet round that wavy hair;
For each doth, nestled in her bosom, wear
A pictured saint—for whom 'twere bliss to leave
A monarch's side—to sing her orisons at eve.

Oft to the mellow tones of those dear maids
(Twin nightingales, by Poet called, in play,)
Had other manlier voices lent their aids;
The open book upon the desk which lay
Told many a pleasant tale of forest-glades,
And summer seas, and moon-lit serenades.
Hark! Julia sings!—and lest the strain go wrong,
Arch Katherine needs must prompt her poet-lover's song.

SERENADE.

I.

O Lady of my faithful lyre,
Liest thou enwrapped in golden dreaming?
Do visions of delicious seeming
Fulfil thine inmost heart's desire?
'Twere strange if slumber were not slow
To vanish from so sweet a brow.

II.

Or feign'st thou sleep—to lie and hear
My lute beneath thy lattice ringing,
My voice that to the moon is singing,
As she is fair, so thou art dear?
Arise—and I will tell thee more
Than ever lover breathed before.

III.

I'll tell thee of the stars' amaze
  To see thee from the turret leaning,
  Behind that clustering ivy, screening
Thy beauty from their envious gaze;
How winds that argosies have wrecked,
Thy lightest tresses do respect.

IV.

I'll tell how sovereign Beauty's wile
  Of old hath sternest kings persuaded;
  But thou, with thy long hair unbraided,
And thy dark eyes' unstudied smile,
Her courtlier charms could far outshine,
And make the whole world's empire thine.

"No more!—A livelier lay!" her sister cried,
  As o'er the keys her sparkling fingers flew;
And her rich voice burst forth in boundless tide
  Of joyous harmony; and her cheek grew
More radiant as she sang—and eager pride
Lit up her eyes. O fit to be the bride
Of some proud conqueror, and fair to see!
A brighter never ruled the chiefs of chivalry.

THE RETURN.

I.

Come, Lily, to the lattice, and see the lads go by,
Their white plumes in the morning air, how merrily they fly!
They come back scarred and battered, who hale and blooming went;
But the Red-Cross flag waves o'er them still, and 't is not soiled nor rent.
With clarions and with cymbals, their merry march draws nigh —
Come, Lily, to the lattice come, and see the lads go by!

II.

Here's Walter in his bravery—so proud—and well he may—
Dear fellow!—but he's handsome *now*, the bitterest tongue *must* say!
As stern as any lion in the battle-field is he,
Now gentle as a mother young, with her infant on her knee,
Sure from the fiercest enemy he 'll never flinch nor fly!
Look, Lily, from the lattice look, how gaily they go by!

III.

Nay, how the sturdy ringers make the old belfry reel!
There's triumph and there's welcome home, in every lusty peal!
And see the girls with garlands, a mad and merry crowd,
And the old folk swarming to their doors, and thanking Heaven aloud;—
And the little tottering children, who clap their hands, and cry,
"Hurrah! the glorious victory, the gallant Twelfth go by!"

IV.

I can bide here no longer, I'll down into the street;
O not in that thronged noisy place should such as we two meet!
And he's as fond and faithful, as when by yonder stile
I wept, and blessed, and bade him go — I know it by his smile,
As he looked up to the window with proud and glistening
eye, —
Come quick, my true and bravest love, before of joy I die.

She ceased her song. — Hark! footsteps on the stair,
And well-known voices pleading at the door; —
"Ah, truant! why so long?" — that maiden fair
Greets one withal, too blest to gaze once more
On his pale brow. — Her sister doth not care
Her soldier love to chide; but with an air,
Half grave authority, half mockery sweet,
Signs the proud man to sit a suppliant at her feet!

BIRDALANE.*

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

Nae kin have I, nae hame, nae gear,
Nae loving sire, nae mither dear,
Nae brither in my sports to share,
Nae sister fond to braid my hair;—
Ever my tears pour down amain,
An' aye they ca' me Birdalane!

II.

I had a hame fu' braw an' fair,
A sister ance to braid my hair,
A mither dear to soothe my wae,
A brither young wi' me to play;—
I had a sire, that now hae nane,
An' aye they ca' me Birdalane!

III.

Ae morn I stood the sea beside,
I saw a ship come ower the tide;
That morn I tined them ane an' a'—
I mourn'd, an' gar'd the tear down fa';—
But wha for me shall mak the mane?
Oh, wha shall weep for Birdalane?

* Birdalane or Burdalane — the last survivor of a race — one who has outlived all ties.

THE WRECK.

I.

THE storm is loosed and tracks her way—that lone and laden
ship,
Like a wroth and meagre ban-dog from his iron leash let slip;
The steersman at the stubborn helm exerts his utmost might,
But the snow-fleece slanteth to his brow, and dims his eager
sight.

II.

She driveth on as an eagle would when the lightnings follow
him,
And plungeth down till her decks are charged up to the very
brim;
And her ports drink in the foaming brine, a dark and mad-
dening stream,
With a gurgling sound, and the moan of one who dreams a
fearful dream.

III.

Midnight is at her revel wild, that veiled mysterious One,
She hath gathered the stars into her lap, and lendeth unto
none
The wonted light that lately grew upon her silver air,
When the moon drew from her orient shell the life that
lingered there.

IV.

There are lantern lights astern within that lonely ship I wist,
And they flicker through the spray afar, like faint-fires in a mist;
And on the rent and flapping sails a fitful glare they throw,
That mocks the dance of a demon throng, on the wild waves below.

V.

She hurries on, with the maddened march of some disastered king,
The ermine of whose regal robes abroad the breezes fling,
When the tread of traitors followeth him with wild avenging wrath,
And with lifted brands and muttered oaths they dog his desperate path.

VI.

Hark! to the crashing of her masts, the spar, and helm and sail,
Are borne away in the wrathful swirl of that relentless gale;
And from her broad and ribbed side each struggling plank is reft,
Till there is not a shred of her bravery on that dark wild ocean left.

S.

A PEDESTRIAN PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

BY GEORGE AGAR HANSARD.

The singularity of the circumstances connected with the history of this remarkable institution, — its solitary position on one of the loftiest mountains of the ancient world, — its noble breed of sagacious dogs, — the dangers attendant on the passage, — the melancholy fate of the unfortunate beings who annually perish in the attempt, — and the fearful aspect under which nature has displayed herself in its wild and savage neighbourhood, — are facts in themselves sufficient to create an indelible impression on the imagination. But that a society of men, voluntarily renouncing all direct communion with their kind, should devote themselves to the succour and preservation of their fellow-creatures without the smallest hope of earthly recompense — and that, too, in a situation surrounded by the most appalling dangers, and subjected to the severest privations — is a consideration of higher interest, on which the thoughts of the philanthropist must dwell with peculiar satisfaction and delight.

St. Bernard, who is supposed to have been the founder of this monastery, was a native of Savoy, and descended from

the noble family of Menthon. He governed the institution for nearly half a century, and died in 1008. The building has been twice destroyed by fire. The former of these accidents occurred at so remote a period that it is known only by tradition; the latter happened in 1555, when the archives were consumed, and with them all traces of its progress for a period of more than six centuries.

The endowments of the Hospice were originally very considerable; and the possession of eighty benefices, priories, curacies, or farms, independently of lands in Sicily, the Netherlands, and England, rendered it, about the middle of the fifteenth century, one of the richest institutions in Europe. Some disputes, however, with the Roman pontiff, who wished to interfere in the nomination of its provosts, added to the progress of the Reformation, led to the almost entire alienation of these possessions. The resources of the fraternity of St. Bernard, at the present day, are, therefore, confined to certain rents derived from the Vallais and the canton of Berne; for the latter, from respect to the utility of the establishment, notwithstanding the difference of its religious tenets, has refused to despoil them of the lands which they anciently held in their territories. Yet these funds would be wholly insufficient to maintain an hospitality at once expensive and indiscriminate, were it not that the republics of Berne, Fribourg, Geneva, and the principality of Neufchâtel, permit the brethren to make annual collections in their States. Known and esteemed throughout the whole of Switzerland, the contributions are sufficiently liberal, enabling them to fulfil the duties of their institution towards the unfortunate travellers who may require assistance; for, disregarding the distinctions of rank, country, or religion, their doors are thrown open indiscriminately to all. The members of this community are regular canons of St. Augustine.

Their superior has the title of Provost, is crossed and mitred, and holds his appointment for life; the others being changed every three years. As the dignity of provost can be obtained only by a youth devoted to the duties of humanity, the individual invested with this office is permitted to reside at Martigny, at the foot of the mountain, where the Chapter possesses a dwelling. The number of the fraternity is not fixed: it consists ordinarily of from twenty to thirty, of whom eight alone resided in, and were attached to the immediate service of, the convent, at the time I visited it. Eight more serve the curacies depending upon the Hospice; and such as, from age or infirmities, are incapable of sustaining the intense cold of the St. Bernard, reside with the provost at Martigny.

During the great fairs of Lombardy, many thousand persons descend into Italy by crossing this mountain, which, it will be scarcely necessary to state, is one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. In these dreary and desolate regions, where the winter endures for eight or nine months; where the thermometer sinks to upwards of twenty degrees below the freezing point; and where even in the latter end of June the ice and snow are of prodigious depth; many human beings owe their preservation to the indefatigable exertions of these self-devoted men.*

* A lake close to the building was frozen three feet thick on the 26th of June last; it contained, notwithstanding, some small fish: the prior said they were perch. On observing that I was equipped as an angler, he grew very anxious to stock the water with trout, asking my opinion as to the probability of their enduring the rigours of the climate. As grayling, a fish of similar habits, abound in the mountain lakes of Lapland, there is little doubt of the success of the plan, and I told him so. He then requested I would do him the favour to descend with one of the lay brothers to Aorta, on the Italian side of the St. Bernard, where there

Confined to a steep and narrow path, which in the middle of summer presents a thousand difficulties, but which in winter and spring is covered with a surface of frozen slippery snow, the condition of the bewildered and exhausted traveller is perilous in the extreme. On one side, the furious Drance rages onwards at the bottom of a precipice more than two hundred feet in depth; on the other, vast piles of rock thrust forth their rugged projections above his head, loaded with enormous masses of snow, continually menacing him with destruction by their fall. Overpowered by hunger and fatigue, he sinks upon the first fatal resting-place; and unless immediately discovered, and roused from his lethargy, quickly sleeps the sleep from which there is no more waking in this world:

> Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
> Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
> The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
> And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
> Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse
> Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

From November to May, a domestic named the Maronnier, selected for his robust and vigorous frame, accompanies all travellers who succeed in reaching the Hospice for half the descent; preceded by two noble-looking dogs, trained to dis-

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is a fine trout stream, and catch a few brace for this purpose. There was no small difficulty in convincing the holy father that fish caught by a fly would, probably, be too much injured to live until they reached their destination, even if carried in a pail. The ice was also another obstacle, which it would have been necessary to have broken through. We at length arranged another visit to the monastery, when I proposed going to Aorta with a net to procure sufficient for supplying, at some future period, the tables of these worthy monks with this (to a Catholic community) indispensable article of diet.

cover the path in the midst of tempests, the thickest fogs, and the heaviest falls of snow. This man, also, quits the convent regularly at nine o'clock each day, during the same period, and, equipped with a pole shod with iron, and a spade, descends with his faithful companions to the *Maison de Réfuge*, situated a league on the road to Martigny; the most dangerous portion of the descent towards the Vallais. Should he not return by noon, the brethren, concluding some accident has happened to him, or that he has discovered an unhappy traveller buried under the fallen avalanche, sally forth themselves, provided with implements to remove the snow, and with food and wine to sustain the exhausted strength of the victim. They guide, sustain, and even carry upon their shoulders such as are incapable of proceeding without assistance. They are often obliged to use a sort of violence towards travellers, who, benumbed with cold, and sinking from weariness, continually beseech their conductors to allow them to slumber for a moment upon the snow; an indulgence which, as I have before observed, invariably leads to congelation and death.

When the monks are compelled, during these labours of charity, to remain in the open air for any considerable period, they continually strike their hands and feet against the long staves with which they are constantly provided; an expedient which prevents their being frost-bitten, as the great depth of snow renders it impossible to walk sufficiently fast to keep the blood in circulation.

I have already alluded to the dogs retained at this singular establishment. They constitute, indeed, one of the greatest curiosities of the St. Bernard, for their sagacity far surpasses that ordinarily possessed by the canine race. They are, however, not spaniels, as has been represented, but of the mastiff breed, probably crossed at some distant period by the

hound or pointer. Their colour is a yellowish brown, marked on the breast and belly with white; and though formidable in appearance, from their extraordinary size and prodigious strength, are, in reality, the gentlest of animals; leaping upon, caressing, and licking the hands and faces of visiters, and seemingly delighted by their presence.

At the desolate period before mentioned, when thick fogs obscure the sky; and the snow, accumulated to the height of twenty or thirty feet, conceals every portion of the Convent, except the chimney tops, and the passage which its inmates are compelled to dig for themselves; or when the furious whirlwind, proceeding from three points of the compass at once, rages in the mountain pass, and whirls through the air a dense cloud of snow dust in the face of the traveller, rendering his progress impossible; then it is that the exertions of the brotherhood would be wholly ineffectual, were it not for the extraordinary instinct of their dogs. They cautiously precede their masters at a slow pace, with heads aloft, and distended nostrils, never advancing more than three or four yards without making a halt, and frequently retracing their steps. Should the avalanche have buried the traveller, the animals, with unerring instinct, make directly for the spot, and violently scratch away the snow, accompanying their exertions with low and piteous cries. At the same inclement season, the mastiffs of St. Bernard are daily despatched to perambulate the difficult passes of the mountains, each carrying on his back a small pannier, containing a portion of bread, cheese, and wine, and a warm cloak. The exquisite delicacy of their scent enables them to discover persons at a considerable distance; and hastening towards them, they invite the fainting traveller, by various efforts of "mute eloquence," to partake of the grateful burden. Instances are recorded in which a dog in these solitary expeditions has encountered an

individual lying insensible on the snow, and by placing himself at full length upon the body has prevented the extinction of the vital spark, until the arrival of the brethren or their domestics.

Not many years since, one of these mastiffs discovered a female peasant and her child, who, overtaken by a tremendous *tourmente*, had fled to a deserted *châlet** for shelter. The entrance being nearly choked up by the drifted snow, the mother and her offspring were on the point of perishing with hunger and cold, when the providential arrival of a dog, loaded as usual with provisions, relieved their immediate wants. After fawning and leaping upon the mother, and licking the hands and face of the poor infant, he started off at full speed, and returned with the Maronnier, who promptly rescued them from their precarious situation.†

Four only of these dogs are now kept at the Hospice. The serious expense attendant on their maintenance has obliged the fraternity, in the present reduced state of their finances, to limit themselves to that number. *Drapeau*, *Courage*, *Turc*, and *Turca*, have, therefore, alone the honour of receiving all visiters. One of them (I forget which), though not twelve months old, measures full thirty inches in height.

On a beautiful morning, about the middle of June, I quitted my residence on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, on a pedestrian excursion to the Hospice of the great St. Bernard. The landscape, which nature has here embellished with all the beauteous tints of her varied and exhaustless pencil, presents a series of lofty eminences, now bare and rugged, now clothed with the richest verdure of hanging

* A Swiss mountain-hut, inhabited only during the summer season.

† This story has been made the subject of a French print. The portion of it, however, which represents the boy riding upon the mastiff is a mere poetical creation.

woods. From among these, dense masses of foliage, sparkling cascades, village spires, and ancient châteaux, display themselves at intervals as far as Villeneuve; near which the broad and rapid Rhone pours its troubled waters into the placid deep blue lake. The road, which, hence to Martigny, is an almost uninterrupted avenue of oak and walnut trees, traverses a narrow but highly populous and fertile valley, enclosed on either side by mountains of stupendous height, and broken at their summits into every fantastic variety of form. The astonished traveller, at one moment, beholds vast hollows, many miles in extent, filled with snow, and forming the eternal glaciers of the Alps; at another, he sees boundless ranges of black pyramidical peaks, towering many thousand feet above his head, their edges indented like the teeth of a saw, or smoothly tapering with the most exquisite symmetry, until their sharp spear-like summits are lost to the eye, and mingle with the circumambient air. Down their sides streams of water, a portion of the hundred tributaries of the Rhone, descend sparkling in the sunbeams, and leaping from rock to rock. A sudden bend in the road changes the scene with the abruptness of magic. Ranges of verdant terraces rise above each other with the most beautiful regularity, rich with cultivation, and covered with dwellings, surpassing, in romantic beauty, those fancied creations which embellish the scenery of the splendid melodrame. Occasionally, as in the vicinity of Bex, the view presents a complete amphitheatre of mountains, of which the verdant plain I traversed seems to form the arena. On one side, a huge mass of bare rock rears itself in a series of fearful precipices like the steps of a gigantic throne, descending on the opposite side in a similar manner; and its flat summit, overcanopied by clouds, laced with the gorgeous hues of a setting sun, tends to enhance the illusion. In another direction, the Mont Bovon, covered

with foliage for about two thirds of its height, shoots up its square glittering summit of naked granite; that, broken into all the picturesque representations of turret, tower, and bastion, looks like the vast and impregnable fortress of a Rajpoot chief.

On reaching St. Maurice, custom-houses, a fortified bridge across the Rhone, and the demand for passports, sufficiently indicated that I was about to pass from the Canton de Vaud into that of the Vallais. Nature herself has, however, drawn the line of demarcation sufficiently distinct. On one side, a huge mountain called the Dent de Morcle, and on the other the Dent de Midi, (the latter remarkable for the almost supernatural whiteness of its two peaks, that appear like exquisite cones of the purest alabaster,) here contract the valley to such a degree, as scarcely to leave sufficient space for the river, and the town which is built close to the water's edge. It was the *Fête de Dieu;* and the tall green branches thickly ranged against every house gave the place very much the appearance of a town in a grove. Travellers have paid some compliments to the personal charms of the ladies of St. Maurice. My own observations do not afford me an opportunity of confirming this opinion; and I am inclined to think, with a native writer, that their pretty straw hats, rather than the beauty of their faces, have gained them this reputation. These hats are small, and decorated in a tasteful manner with knots of gaily-coloured ribands, or wreaths of natural flowers.

The weather, which had been highly favourable during the commencement of my tour, now suddenly changed: violent and continued rain compelled me to pass the night in the cottage in which I had taken shelter. The loud roar of a cataract greeted me as I sallied forth from my resting-place on the following morning; and in a few minutes I found myself

under the celebrated cascade of the *Sallanche,* to which the gross imagination of the peasantry have given another appellation ludicrously absurd. Being now swollen to thrice its usual volume, it fell with a deafening noise through a deep furrow, worn in the cliff, for a distance (reckoning from the summit) of two hundred feet; though the cataract is not visible from the road for the whole of this extent. The river, alighting upon a projecting ledge of rock, and concentrating itself there, tumbles headlong in a vast unbroken torrent of about eighty feet in length; exactly resembling the continuous descent of wreaths of the purest snow. As I stood contemplating this magnificent spectacle, the sun broke forth; and its rays, reflected upon the clouds of white mist that were thrown up on every side, produced a series of beautiful rainbows, that rose above each other until they reached the summit of the fall. Martigny, at which the ascent of the St. Bernard may be said to commence, is eight leagues distant from the Hospice. This town is chiefly remarkable for the magnificent scenery by which it is encircled; for its immense hotel, chiefly supported by English travellers; and for its magazine of fossils; where specimens of mineralogy and botany from the surrounding mountains, as well as poles shod with iron at one end, and at the other tipped with the chamois horn, may be purchased *for a consideration.* The Drance—at all times a rapid stream, but now swollen by the previous rains, and the melting of the snow—roared with terrific impetuosity along the channel which it has worn at the bottom of the cliffs on the left of the winding road. On the right, vast pieces of rock, slightly imbedded in clay, lay scattered over the abrupt slope of a mountain that rose many thousand feet above my head. The feelings of insecurity which such a scene must naturally generate, were in no wise diminished by the sight of two wooden crosses reclining over the gulf which

forms the bed of the river. Each bore a rude inscription, calling on the passengers to "pray for the souls" of two unfortunate muleteers, who had been killed by the falling masses to which I have just alluded. The death of one of these men was attended with rather extraordinary circumstances. He was descending the mountain with a companion, who rode behind him on the same mule. A large fragment of stone, loosened by the rains, came thundering down the precipice, and, darting upon his breast, laid him dead in the road: his companion miraculously escaped unhurt.

A few miles from this fatal spot, a scene of such terrible sublimity presents itself to the traveller's eye, that neither pen nor pencil is equal to its delineation. It was the first unequivocal proof I had ever witnessed of the tremendous and desolating effects of the destroying earthquake. The dark and frowning cliffs, towering on either side of the Drance to a tremendous height, exhibit the appearance of having been rent into ten thousand fragments. A large portion of these masses still hung suspended over the road, loosely piled upon each other in awful insecurity, many thousand feet above my head. Immense blocks, shattered by their fall into forms terrifically grotesque, and many thousand tons in weight, have been hurled into the bed of the river; which, as if maddened by these impediments, dashes onwards with the rapidity of lightning, boiling, hissing, roaring, and casting its curled foaming waves across the path. Forests of ancient pines, from whose roots the torrents that desolate these wild regions in spring and summer have washed away almost every particle of earth, here nod to their fall, or lie prostrated and crushed into fragments by the rocks to whose passage they offered an ineffectual resistance. It is here that a tunnel about one hundred paces in length has been pierced through

the solid stone with incredible labour, and no less expense. It is called the *Gallerie de la Monnoye.*

Such is a very faint and imperfect sketch of the stupendous objects that present themselves to the view during the first few miles of the ascent of the St. Bernard. The scenery then for a short space assumes a more cheerful aspect; villages, corn-fields, and woodlands, affording an agreeable relief to the desolation that precedes them. As I toiled along the rugged road, I overtook a young Englishman,—I believe, an Oxonian,—of very elegant manners, who was bent on the same expedition as myself. After briefly conversing together, he remained behind to make some memoranda, and I resumed my solitary journey. Passing the villages of Aleve, Liddes, and St. Pierre *, the last upon the road, the pale, cold, spectral summit of the Mount St. Velan first appeared in sight, seeming to point out the position of the Convent, and the termination of my pilgrimage. Eighteen miles of painful ascent had considerably exhausted my strength; and as in quitting St. Pierre I seemed to have passed the last human habitation,

* Near this place I encountered another genuine Alpine hunter, bearing a long rifle, and accompanied by a young chamois, which followed him like a dog. It had been captured when very young, during one of the perilous excursions of its master. This man expressed much gratitude and attachment to an English gentleman, Captain Bland, who had passed several seasons with him chamois hunting, and whose skill as a rifleman, and daring exploits among the formidable glaciers of the Alps, had filled even the natives with admiration. As to the hunter, he, like two others I met, strongly reminded me of the *air farouche et sauvage* which distinguishes the very few individuals who grow old in this trade, and by which they may be recognised in the midst of a crowd. He gave me his address, which I shall add, for the benefit of those who wish to find a competent guide during their sporting excursions in Switzerland: it is as follows: —

" Etienne Emmonet de St. Breucher, en Vallais; gend'arme et chasseur des chamoix, stationné au bourg St. Pierre, près de St. Bernard."

my spirits sunk in proportion. The evening was gloomy, and that intense cold so prevalent in the neighbourhood of the Convent began to be sensibly felt. The path, too, was exceedingly indistinct, and so encumbered with loose stones, and intersected by torrents pouring down the mountain's side in every direction, that my progress became slow and painful. I had entered upon the regions of perpetual cold. It was now eight o'clock in the evening. The snow lay in vast masses on every slope, and frequently formed a frozen bridge many hundred yards in extent, over the furious torrent that still roared at my side. I had totally lost the track; and as I sat upon one of the fragments of stone, scattered in vast quantities over the brown and barren moss which forms the sole vegetation of this savage spot, most emphatically called the "Valley of Desolation," those small bells usually attached to the mule bridle sounded upon my ear, and in a few minutes afterwards an old Swiss, of singularly primitive appearance, came in sight. "How far from hence to the Hospice of St. Bernard?"—"Seven miles, five of which lie over the snow."—"By what hour, think you, can I reach it to-night?"—"To-night, monsieur!" repeated he, shaking his venerable grey locks. "Look at that river," pointing to the Drance, that casts its spray over the path; "it never thus overflows its banks, unless when the snow above is considerably thawed; you would sink up to the middle at each step. Pass the night at yon cottage," pointing to a building I had not before observed; "and take advantage of to-morrow's frost." Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "Excuse my freedom; but I am an old man, and know the nature of these mountains well. No stranger, after yesterday's rain, could, unaccompanied by a guide, effect the passage in the dark. If you escape the river and the precipices, you would perish with cold upon the snow." Thanking him cordially for his well-

meant advice, I proceeded to reconnoitre the wretched hovel to which he directed me, and at least endeavour to obtain some refreshment. I accordingly hailed a man standing on an eminence by the road-side, who proved to be the landlord; and surely never did nature stamp upon the human countenance more decided traces of brutal ferocity. A huge mass of coarse rusty black hair overshadowed a low, contracted, retreating forehead, garnished with large bushy overhanging brows, from under which peered forth eyes of the most savage and sinister expression. The lower portion of his face was equally indicative of the worst passions, and closely resembled that of a disgusting baboon. A frame of Herculean proportions gave to the whole man the appearance of an Italian bandit or Calabrian assassin.

While engaged in drinking the wine with which he supplied me, I heard the voice of the Englishman before alluded to, who rode up to the door mounted on a mule, and accompanied by two guides. Forgetting the caution of the venerable Swiss, I again attempted to proceed. My strength, however, was exhausted, and after staggering a few hundred yards, I slowly returned to the house.

Though destined to undergo none of those romantic and perilous adventures described by some of our English novel writers, and which the aspect of mine host and his lonely habitation could not fail of suggesting to the imagination, my rest was broken by one of those awful elementary conflicts which, my landlord observed with a hideous grin, "made the English *milors* glad to hide themselves in his hut, however they might despise it at other times." The wind, which, at the commencement, blew only at intervals in short and hollow gusts, increased, by degrees, to such appalling violence, and swept around the building with such furious blasts, that I momentarily expected to be crushed by

the scattering of the materials over the wild waste on which they were erected. The low growl of the thunder, multiplied in a hundred reverberations from mountain to mountain, was scarcely audible from the roaring of the wind. The lightning gleamed through the casement in terrific flashes, and illuminated the apartment to such a degree, that every rafter of the ceiling might be distinctly numbered, discovering to my view, for the first time, a large horse pistol suspended over the bed. I arose, and looked towards the river, whose tumultuous brawling was completely drowned by the noise of the tempest. An almost total darkness enveloped the scene, except when a broad flash of lightning, streaming upon the foaming waters, communicated to them a supernatural brilliancy, and revealed the exact position of their rocky bed.

I resumed my journey at an early hour the following morning. The last traces of vegetation, which had hitherto lingered on the mountain slopes, in the form of a few withered, stunted firs, entirely ceased, on the border of a beautiful cascade, which, tumbling from a vast height, flowed near the ground, over the sloping surface of a smooth rock, in a hundred little rills, and communicated to its dark substance the appearance of variegated marble. The utmost circumspection was now requisite for discovering the road. A violent pain in my eyes and head, with oppression of the chest, and shortness of breathing, added to previous fatigue, greatly increased the confusion and uncertainty that beset me. I crossed and recrossed the torrent a dozen times, by wading; I plunged through the fields of melting snow, sinking up to the hips at every step. The print of the mules' feet (the only guide), after continuing sufficiently distinct for a small distance, wholly ceased on the brink of some yawning chasm, and obliged me to retrace my steps. Benumbed with cold, and

oppressed by symptoms of that drowsy stupor which is the constant attendant of violent exertion in elevated positions, I was suddenly roused by the appearance, at an abrupt turn of the track, of two low, gloomy-looking buildings, standing within a short distance of each other, and presenting their gable ends to the path. In the centre of the nearest, and about three feet from the ground, was an aperture, closed by a grating of massy wooden bars, and retained in its position solely by an iron bolt, which shot into the heavy frame-work. I had read and heard much of the manner in which the bodies of those unhappy beings are disposed of, who, fainting with toil, or overwhelmed by the thundering avalanche, annually perish upon this passage. A horrible presentiment now filled my mind, that the dreadful charnel-house was before me. With unconscious eagerness I unshot the bolt, the heavy grating fell to the earth, and, leaping in, I found myself trampling on heaps of human bones, some bleached to the most perfect whiteness, others still covered with portions of black and withered flesh. Fragments of clothes that once covered these hideous remnants of mortality lay scattered around, and at the farther end of the building, opposite to the entrance, was the body of a man seated against the wall, and enwrapped in a shroud carefully knotted upon his breast. His head, still covered with a profusion of dark hair, reclined upon the left shoulder, and his arms were crossed upon his bosom. The flesh of the whole body, though nearly black, was undecayed; the features still distinct, but horribly distorted; and the teeth, exposed from ear to ear by the falling away of the lips, seemed to grin, in a fearful manner, like those of a wretch writhing under the tortures of the rack.*

* The history of this unfortunate individual was communicated to me by one of the monks, and may be comprised in a few words: — He was

Language is inadequate to describe my feelings as I bent, in silent horror, over this ghastly victim to the perils of the way. I sprang again through the window, and, replacing the grating, proceeded to examine the adjacent hovel, of an appearance still more sombre and desolate. It was the *Maison de Réfuge* for travellers overtaken by the snow storm. At the upper end, a stone bench extended from side to side, on which is sometimes placed a small basket containing food and wine. It was now half choked with the remains of a fallen avalanche, and filled with a disgusting death-like smell. As nothing but the most imminent danger could have compelled me to remain one moment within it, I quickly retreated into the open air. At length, after incredible fatigue, I reached the foot of a precipitous eminence covered with snow. The wing of an extensive light-coloured building now attracting my attention, I instantly felt my strength and spirits renewed, and by thrusting my arms up to the elbow in the snow contrived to scramble to the summit. When I had arrived at the middle of this ascent (the most laborious of the whole journey), the four majestic dogs of the establishment rushed down, and, halting at the distance of two or three yards, regarded me with unequivocal symptoms of amity and pleasure. Then, with a deep-mouthed bay, that made

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an Italian artist, returning to his native country (Piedmont) by the route of the St. Bernard, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain a livelihood in France. He had been observed passing through Liddes and St. Pierre, apparently in a state of considerable exhaustion. When the monks descended to the village a few days afterwards, this circumstance was not forgotten, and enquiries were made if he had reached the Hospice. He had not. A search began immediately, and the unhappy man was discovered seated on a fragment of rock, his head supported by his arm, which rested on his knee — to all appearance in a profound slumber. Alas, it was the slumber of the grave! for, on examination, the body was perfectly stiff and cold.

the mountains re-echo, they darted up the steep to announce the arrival of a stranger-guest.

The claustral prior, who resides continually at the convent, received me on the steps, where, panting with fatigue and benumbed with cold, I faltered forth the *pro formâ* request of repose and hospitality. "*Donnez-vous la peine d'entrer, monsieur*," was his good-humoured and benevolent reply; and, ringing a loud peal on the convent bell, he directed a domestic to show me to an apartment, with an admonition that it was the hour of dinner, and that the soup was on the table. As this intimation was of considerable importance to a man who had been toiling for six hours, without intermission, among rocks, precipices, and fields of snow, I quickly arranged my toilet, and descended to the refectory. The brethren were all assembled, together with the English gentleman who had arrived the preceding evening, but who, overtaken by a thick fog, had been obliged to abandon his mule, and to trust for his preservation entirely to the experience of his guides.*

* In illustration of the perils to which the traveller is exposed from the sudden fogs arising in these high latitudes, I shall add the following anecdote, as narrated by one of the guides of Martigny: —

"Well knowing and confiding in the sagacity of my mule, I demanded of the three gentlemen whom I was conducting, if they would submit themselves entirely to my directions, otherwise, in such an extremity as this, (so dense a cloud had enveloped them, in the space of a few minutes, that they could not see each other the distance of a yard apart,) each must seek his own safety as he might think fit. Fortunately they yielded up their discretion, and trusted to me only for their escape. I then directed each to take hold of the other's skirt, the foremost holding fast by my coat. The usual injunction on all these occasions was then given, that utter silence must be preserved; after which I laid firm hold of the tail of my faithful mule, and the animal, conscious of the trust reposed in him, with slow and cautious steps led on the line of march. Having proceeded in this manner for some distance, I calculated, from the direction

The long black dresses, conical caps, and white scarfs of the monks, standing in silence with arms crossed upon their breasts, contrasted well with my own more varied costume, and that of my lay companion. After grace, pronounced in Latin by the prior, to which the rest of the fraternity made the necessary responses, we sat down to an excellent and substantial dinner, with good wine of Piedmont, to which we all did ample justice. The monks of St. Bernard are a cheerful race, and by no means rank silence among the vows of their order. The general topics of the day (among which Lord Grey and his Reform Bill were not forgotten) were discussed with a freedom and intelligence that savoured of more intercourse with the world than the inmates of the Hospice might be supposed to possess.

The refectory is a large wainscotted apartment, containing an enormous granite stove, reaching to the ceiling. Among the small library of books I noticed "Buchan's Medicine." Two paintings decorated the walls: one the portrait of an ecclesiastic; the other, that of the Virgin with the infant Saviour, holding a bunch of three cherries, probably intended by the painter as a symbol of the Trinity.

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we had pursued, that we must be within hearing of the monastery. I therefore came to a halt, and gave the order for a general halloo. This was repeated many times, when, at last, a responsive but distant halloo reached our ears, and acted upon us all like a reprieve from death. I now advised that we should remain stationary, in the hope of aid. Time passed heavily along, and no aid arrived. We renewed our outcries, but no responsive greeting again reached us. We began to fear that assistance could not be afforded, when at length a rustling was heard at a distance in the snow; the sound approached, and, in a few minutes, several of the great dogs of St. Bernard came bounding towards us. But these sagacious animals were unattended, for now not even a holy monk dared venture forth to save a fellow-creature. The dogs, however, gambolling round us, led the way, and our four-footed guide following them, we resumed our former plan of march, and arrived in safety at the monastery."

When we arose from the table grace was repeated, and the English traveller took his leave, after entering his name in the visiters' book, and expressing, in feeling and appropriate terms, his acknowledgments for the hospitality he had received.

The monks also retired, each to his respective cell, and I was left alone to amuse myself with the manuscript volume before mentioned. I turned over its leaves with considerable interest, from the number of my distinguished countrymen who had there recorded their names and their gratitude.

The greater number of these travellers visited the Hospice in the months of July and August; and, consequently, beheld the scene under a far different and more cheerful aspect than myself. A few, however, appeared to have encountered all the hardships of the most inclement weather, and the horrors of the tempest. The following extract, which I copy verbatim, will afford some notion of the nature of these records: —

"*Sept.* 13*th.* A tremendous night of thunder, lightning, hail, and snow, made George Talbot of Temple Guiling, Gloucestershire, and his daughters Isabella and Jane, doubly grateful for the kind hospitality they experienced from the benevolent brethren of St. Bernard, who may justly claim the beautiful motto, — *Humani nihil alieni.*"

While engaged in making transcripts from the album, coffee was served, of which I alone partook, as none of the fraternity appeared; and shortly afterwards, fumes of incense, that filled the refectory with their grateful odour, the solemn swell of the organ, and the deep-toned voices of the choristers, re-echoing through the vaulted corridors, announced the hour of vespers. Profiting by this opportunity of inspecting the church, I joined the slender congregation, consisting only of

the domestics. This part of the edifice is decorated with a profusion of paintings, sculpture, and other embellishments. The most remarkable are a figure of St. Michael trampling on the devil, who, it must be confessed, is represented with a most satanic aspect; an armed warrior displaying the banner of the cross, an emblem of the church militant; and the tomb of General Dessaix, bearing the simple, unostentatious inscription,—"*Dessaix, mort à la bataille de Marengo.*"

After inspecting the lower portions of the Hospice, where a number of spades and other implements for rescuing persons who are buried in the snow were arranged against the wall of one of the passages, I prepared to retire for the night. In passing the kitchen, the four noble dogs that had greeted me as I ascended rushed out, and repeatedly destroyed my equilibrium by the warmth of their salutations; rubbing their huge heads against my side, leaping upon my back, licking my hands, and appearing to consider me as under their peculiar protection.

An undisturbed night's rest restored me to my wonted strength and spirits. The morning was bright and cloudless, yet so cold, that, on throwing open the casement, the air had all the keenness peculiar, in England, to the month of January. After breakfasting with the prior, and dropping a free-will offering * into the box placed for that purpose in the church, I took my leave, impressed, like many others, with the deepest respect for this truly Christian society.

If the ascent of the snowy precipice on which the Hospice of St. Bernard is erected was slow and toilsome, my return was sufficiently rapid. I lost my footing on the frozen surface, and was precipitated to the bottom, fortunately at the

* The monks are by their vows forbidden to demand payment in return for their hospitality.

expense of only a few slight bruises. A walk of eight hours brought me again to Martigny, and the following morning I proceeded on the tour I had originally projected, being, probably, the first Englishman who ever accomplished the arduous ascent of the St. Bernard in similar weather, and unaccompanied by mules or guides.

THE DREAM.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

'T was night,—and sleep had fall'n upon my breast:
Methought I heard soft voices breathe my name;
And round about the pillow of my rest,
Joy, Memory, Hope, and Love, with offerings came.
Sweet Hope did bring her voiceful harmonies,
And from that music bade me never part;
And Memory gave her sorrow-clouded eyes;
And Joy her smile, and Love his trustful heart.
But thou didst break my sleep, thou envious dawn!
And stole the only gifts I learned to prize:
The smile of Joy, the trust of Love, is gone,
And stilled for aye are Hope's sweet harmonies:
These all are fled, and but remains to me
The darkened eyes of mournful Memory!

January, 1834.

E. Stone pinx.t L. Stocks sculp

LA PENSÉE.

E. Bryan Printer

London Published 1834 for the Proprietors by Whittaker & Co Ave Maria Lane.

OH, NEVER CA' ME LIGHT O' HEART.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

Oh, never ca' me light o' heart,
  Tho' e'er sae aft I dance and sing;
Fu' soon ye'll see my step depart,
  An' soon ye'll hear my death-bell ring.
Ah, then ye'll ken what they maun bear
  Wha sing sweet sangs wi' aching breast;
An' ah, when maist ye're grieving sair,
  Ye'll lang like me to lie at rest.

II.

Oh, never say my heart is cauld,
  Tho' still I smile on ilka face;
A grief within my soul I fauld,
  Not a' my fitfu' mirth can chase.
When thou, alas! sae fu' o' pride,
  Dost, weeping, veil the scornfu' e'e;
Then I, wha smile on a' beside,
  Have aye a heartfu' tear for thee.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man.

CRABBE.

I.

THE haunts of my boyhood are gleaming around me,
All bright in the sunshine that graced them of yore;
But where are the heart-cherished hopes that have bound me,
Through the changes of years, to this fondly loved shore?—
Can the riches of earth, that like curses have crowned me,
Life's young dream of delight to my longings restore?

II.

The same summer-landscape beside me is smiling;
The same summer ocean before me is spread;
All transparent as truth, and in peace as beguiling,
As when first from these shores o'er its waters I sped;
My lorn heart from each home-nurtured vision exiling,
To return when the hopes that were fairest had fled.

III.

Accursed be the fatal ambition that bore me
From yon vale of repose and its transports untold;
Accursed the dark spell that so long lingered o'er me,
And detained me from bliss, though with fetters of gold!
Can my dearly-earned wealth for one moment restore me
The feelings and thoughts that enchanted of old?

IV.

But a few painful years, — so I thought in my sorrow, —
And my spirit shall break so degrading a chain;
Yet another, — one more, — from life's sunshine I 'll borrow,
Then seek the green haunts of my childhood again; —
Seasons waned, wealth increased, — still I spake of To-
MORROW;
Now the bubble hath burst, and I seek them in vain!

V.

Though the tears, when our last parting moments were
fleeting,
And my bark had unfurled her white wings in the bay,
Were heart-rending and wild, and unwelcome the greeting
That called me from home's calm enjoyments away, —
Far keener my anguish, more bitter my meeting,
With the friends who are waiting to clasp me to-day!

VI.

The willow I planted, meek mourner, is drooping
Its silver-green boughs yon bright streamlet beside:
What a host of sad thoughts on my memory is trooping,
Of joys that have withered, and hopes that have died,
As I turn from that tree, in humility stooping,
To *my* stubborner dreams of ambition and pride!

VII.

Every bush with a burst of wild music is ringing;
Not a breath but is loaded with odours divine;
In the old trysting thorn its lone blackbird is singing
A descant of grief o'er the day-star's decline;
And the lark to her nest in the clover is winging
Her way, with a heart how much lighter than mine!

VIII.

There the old village church in the radiance is burning,
With its tall chancel window all flashing with fire;
And its glossy-green ivy, sun-chequered, is turning
To gold, as of yore, but seems broader and higher:
Oh, would that *my* heart, for calm happiness yearning,
Thus had learned in the precincts of peace to aspire!

IX.

What a brood of fond thoughts to my heart-strings are clinging!
In each tree, each grey stone some sad record I see;
Not a breath o'er yon low garden wall but is flinging
A perfume abroad that is vocal to me;
Not a sight, not a sound, not a scent but is bringing
Some vision of bliss that no longer may be.

X.

'Neath the roof-tree I stand that o'ershadows the dwelling
That once shielded my childhood from sorrow and sin;
With what breathless emotion my bosom is swelling,
Now the haven is gained I've so panted to win! —
All *without* is the same; but low whispers are telling
Of the heart-wringing changes that wait me *within!*

XI.

Ay, wild is my grief as I gaze on my mother,
In the tears of her dotage, decrepit and weak;
As I shrink from the time-wrinkled brow of my brother,
My sister's sad smile, and her care-stricken cheek;—
Then look round for the welcome and kiss of another,
Till a glance hath revealed more than language can speak!

XII.

Scarce a blessing remains but is darkened or faded;
Scarce a friend of my youth but is dead or estranged;
Not a vision of hope my fond fancy had braided,
But some bliss-blighting chance hath destroyed or deranged;—
Not a promise of joy, but some sorrow has shaded;
Not a dear one is left, save in spirit, unchanged.

XIII.

Wealth and honours are mine; but can riches procure me
The sinless enjoyments of days that are gone;
Can the phantom of Fame that from home could allure me,
For the blessings I've bartered to gain it atone?
Fatal gifts! in my anguish of soul I abjure ye;
All that sweetened and brightened existence is gone!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I.

It is the same infrequent star, —
  The all-mysterious light,
That, like a watcher, gazing on
  The changes of the night,
Toward the hill of Bethlem took
  Its solitary flight.

II.

It is the same infrequent star;
  Its sameness startleth me;
Although the disc is red as blood,
  And downward, silently,
It looketh on another hill, —
  The hill of Calvary!

III.

Nor noon, nor night; for to the west
  The heavy sun doth glow;
And, like a ship, the lazy mist
  Is sailing on below;
Between the broad sun and the earth
  It tacketh to and fro.

IV.

There is no living wind astir;
The bat's unholy wing
Threads through the noiseless olives,
Like some unquiet thing
Which playeth in the darkness, when
The leaves are whispering.

V.

Mount Calvary! Mount Calvary!
All sorrowfully still,
That mournful tread, it rends the heart
With an unwelcome thrill;
The mournful tread of them that crowd
Thy melancholy hill!

VI.

There is a cross, not one alone,
'Tis even three I count,
Like columns on the mossy marge
Of some old Grecian fount;
So pale they stand, so drearily
On that mysterious mount.

VII.

Behold, O Israel! behold,
It is no human One,
That ye have dared to crucify;
What evil hath he done?
It is your king, O Israel!
The God-begotten Son!

VIII.

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns!
  Why have ye crowned him so?
That brow is bathed in agony,
  'T is veiled in very woe;
Ye saw not the immortal trace
  Of Deity below.

IX.

It is the foremost of the Three;
  Resignedly they fall,
Those deathlike, drooping features,
  Unbending, blighted all:
The Man of Sorrows, how he bears
  The agonising thrall!

X.

'T is fixed on thee, O Israel!
  His gaze!—how strange to brook;
But that there's mercy blended deep
  In each reproachful look,
'T would search thee, till the very heart
  Its withered home forsook.

XI.

To God! to God! how eloquent
  The cry, as if it grew
By those cold lips unuttered, yet
  All heartfelt rising through,—
"Father in heaven! forgive them, for
  They know not what they do!"

XII.

He dies, he dies, the man of grief!
The mediating Son!
Thy King, O Israel! the Christ,
The God-anointed One!
The offering is finished, and
The high oblation done.

XIII.

Why do ye start, ye elements?
Your Maker's final cry,
It thrills upon the heaving chords
Of nature's harmony;
The spirit of the Omnipotent!
The voice of Deity!

XIV.

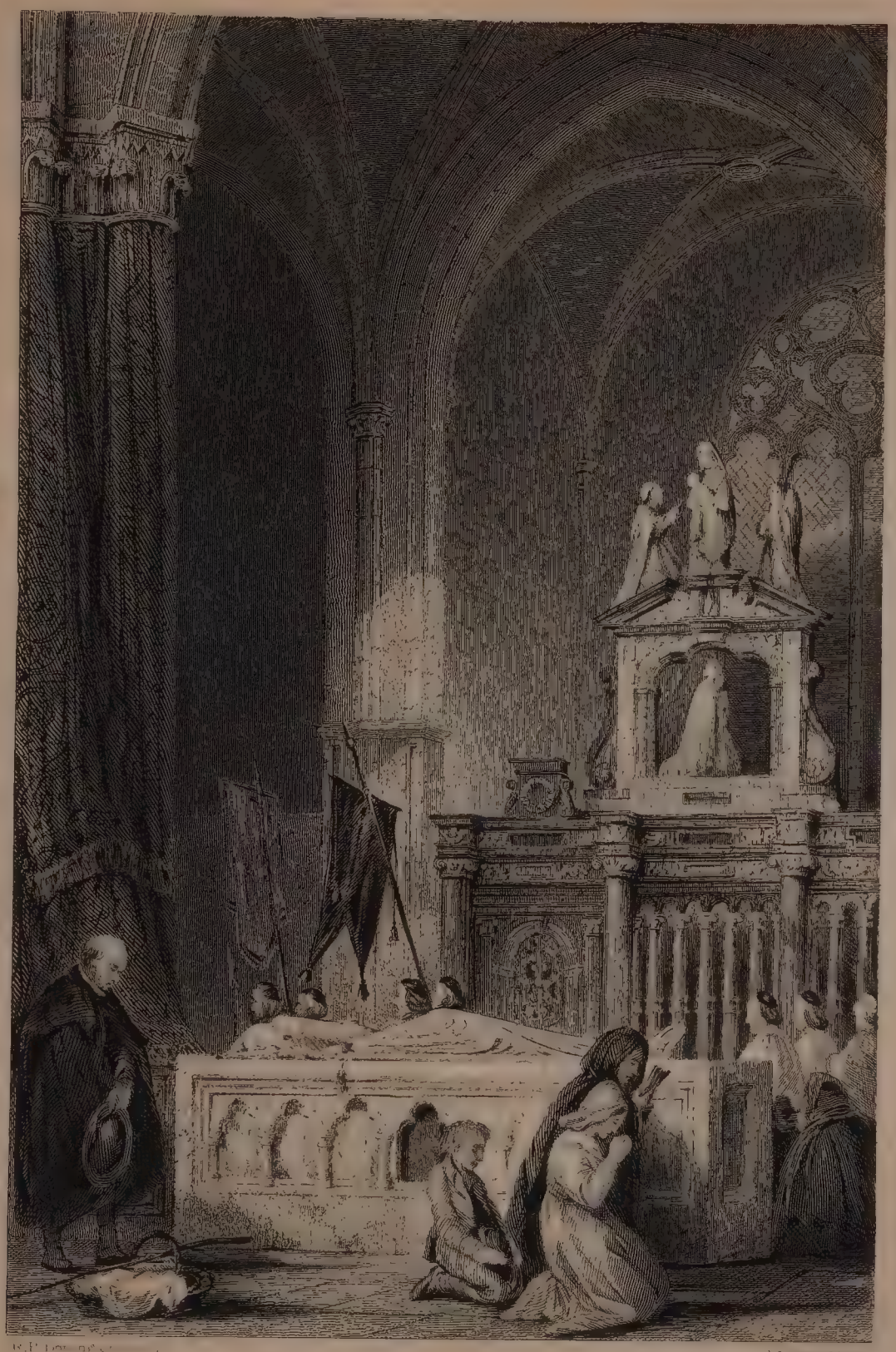
Oh Israel! Oh Israel!
Recall thy fathers' faith;
Spake not the ancient prophets of
The great atoning death
Of thy unborn Deliverer,
The Christ of Nazareth?

XV.

He died to break your thraldom, set
The loaded captive free,—
To give the oil of gladness to
The homes of agony,—
To sow the valley of the grave
With immortality!

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. OUEN.

The gallery of the Palais Royal, however celebrated it may have been in former times, does not at this moment contain many pictures worthy of a royal collection. Notwithstanding the princely fortune enjoyed by the King of France whilst Duke of Orleans, and his present enormous revenue, he appears to have expended but little in its pictorial decorations; for, with the exception of a few splendid specimens of Horace Vernet, Scheffer, and Gericault; the celebrated Harvest Procession of Robert; and the *chef d'œuvre* (of all his water-colour paintings) of our own lamented Bonington; it boasts of little that is calculated to arrest the attention of the English connoisseur. The original of the accompanying print, however, does not seem to be valued as it deserves by its possessor: for whilst pictures and drawings, every way inferior to it in merit, are allowed to occupy the most prominent situations in the gallery, this splendid design is buried in the space between two windows, in one of the less frequented chambers of the palace; a position in which it has little chance of being either seen or appreciated by any one whose attention is not specially directed to its merits. The subject represents the interior of the abbey church of St. Ouen at Rouen; in beauty and importance second only to the celebrated cathedral of that ancient city; and chiefly remarkable for the lightness and elegance of its Gothic



THE CHURCH OF S^T OUEN.

architecture, and the splendour of its circular painted windows. These windows have excited considerable interest, from a legend connected with their erection. One of them was, it appears, executed by a master mason, and the rest by his apprentice. When, however, the elder artificer discovered the preference exhibited by competent judges for the works of his assistant, his jealousy and thirst for revenge increased to so frantic a degree that he is said to have poniarded him on the spot. He was, of course, tried, condemned, and executed. Associated as they are with such a tragedy, there are few persons who visit the Abbey of St. Ouen without a careful inspection of its circular windows.

The extreme length, from the farther end of the Chapel of the Virgin, to its opposite western extremity, is about 450 English feet, whilst the height from the pavement to the roof of the nave is 108. The central tower rises 100 feet above the roof of the church, and is supported by four fluted pillars upwards of 30 feet in circumference. Its area below can hardly be less than 36 feet square. This is precisely the part of the edifice which Bonington has selected for the scene of his drawing; adding to the portrait those accessories which are so frequently to be met with in Catholic places of worship. Such is the beauty of this painting, that although its present possessor is said to have given only some two or three hundred francs for it, there are several collectors in Paris who would not hesitate to purchase it at a price of four or five thousand. Indeed, the *fureur* for the works of Bonington is even greater in Paris than it is in our own country. We ourselves remember to have been present at a sale of drawings in the French capital, at which a skilfully executed copy of the *Charette*, a small landscape, with a waggon in the foreground, by Bonington, was knocked down to a French amateur for three thousand

francs; and we have been told, we know not how truly, that there exists in this country at the present moment no less than three copies of his *Lecture de la Bible*, from the celebrated original in the gallery of a distinguished Parisian collector; all of which have been purchased at the highest prices demanded for his genuine productions: yet for his noblest picture — the Ducal Palace — and several small paintings of exquisite beauty, which he disposed of along with it to a bookseller of Bond Street, he obtained, so he himself informed us a short time before his death, less than 200*l.*; although his fortunate patron did not hesitate, whilst the canvass was yet wet, to exhibit one of them for sale at the British Institution at the more remunerating price of four hundred guineas. One of these very pictures is now valued at fifteen hundred guineas; yet certain noble collectors, who purchased Bonington's pencil tracings of costume prints after his death, at higher prices than he was accustomed to receive for his finished drawings whilst living, allowed it to remain unsold an entire season in the gallery of the British Institution, on the ground that the price was an exorbitant one for so young an artist to demand.

THE HOUR OF THE GLOAMING.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

'Tis the hour o' the gloaming, and saft fa's the dew,
But I see na the green bank where the bonnie broom grew;
I see na the dear cot by the auld birken tree,
Where thy voice sang sae sweetly, my Mary, to me!

II.

We met ance by the burn-side, an' ance in the grove,
An' the neist time we trysted I tauld thee my love;
I tauld how this puir heart was sair, sair for thee —
But thy lip had nae answer, my Mary, for me!

III.

As I pressed the saft hand that was faulded in mine,
There was hope in the glad een that looked into thine;
But the word that I langed for, it wasna for me —
And I gied up a warld's wealth, my Mary, in thee!

IV.

A' mute was our parting, we breathed nae farewell;
Wae swelled in my proud heart, but nae drap there fell;
But now at thy memory saut tears fill my e'e,
And my soul pours a blessing, my Mary, to thee!

THE EUPHROSYNE OF MILTON.*

Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth.

Euphrosyne! Heart-easing Mirth! the radiance of that eye, more lustrous than the dewdrop; the bloom on that cheek, more delicate than that on the opening rose; are the gifts of vernal breezes, wooed beneath "the opening eyelids of the dawn." The guileless confidence of that smile rises from a heart conscious of no evil; which has not yet forfeited the Paradise in which it was created. Zephyr and Aurora are the

* This figure is an excerpt from one of Stothard's finest compositions. The group from which it is detached represents the nymph Euphrosyne tripping "on the light fantastic toe," and closely followed by her train of

Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

The picture, which is of gallery size, was purchased at the late sale of Mr. Stothard's effects, by the Editor of this volume. It appears to have been painted at that period of his professional career at which his admiration was divided between Raffaelle and Rubens.

EUPHROSYNE.

London, Published Nov.r 1824, for the Proprietor by Whittaker & C.o Ave Maria Lane.

true parents of that beauty, placid and perennial in its happiness; not yet marred by the transitory but fictitious splendours of passion and excitement. Justly does the poet declare them in error who would deduce the descent of heart-ease from Venus and from Bacchus. Fierce agitators they of the heart; parents of Frenzy, progenitor of Crime, and Anguish, and blank Despair. Milton's own personal tastes and habits were too pure to allow him to consider Passion and Intemperance the authors of Mirth. Rural scenes, and the "sweet hour of prime," or temperate conviviality, cheered with music and elevated by intellectual intercourse, were his habitual resources for external enjoyment. He has given the same pure tastes to his cheerful man, and he has contrasted them with the feverish intoxication of passion, in the double picture he has drawn of Eve before and Eve after the commission of crime. The scenes of conjugal love and happiness in the fourth book of Paradise Lost afford the most powerful contrast to the excitement occasioned by criminal indulgence, as pictured in the ninth.

The strains of the Allegro come over the senses of the fevered and toil-worn victims of care and labour like the sound of the harp, when the strings are swept by the same beloved hand which in distant years and scenes awakened harmonies that "lapped us in Elysium." The jealousies of rivalry, the anxieties of business, the cares that derive their very intensity from the depth of our affections, are charmed, like the Gorgon snakes beneath the lyre of Orpheus, into temporary oblivion. The heart expands beneath the influence of "a purer æther, a diviner air;" and we recognise the true divinity of our nature in the tranquil consciousness of a felicity beyond the control of external circumstances; a felicity which the world is equally unable to confer or to withdraw.

Yet the critics would have us believe this charming little poem to be a mere pendant to the Penseroso; written, not from any original impulse, but to complete a double picture. Away with any such unworthy notion! Each, indeed, has its own beauties and its peculiar merit; they mutually set off each other: but neither of these matchless twins may be sacrificed to enhance the other's value. If the loftier spirit of imaginative poetry pervade the impersonation of the meditative man, it is because the mood in which the mind identifies itself with natural objects, and attributes to them its own sentiments,—in which the pensive wanderer hears his melancholy echoed in the strains of the nightingale, and sees it imaged in the bewildered moon,—is the most mysterious and elevated of which the mind of man is capable. Few are the beings so organised as to be susceptible, in any high degree, of emotions so subtle; few have pinions powerful enough to soar to these heights of contemplation. On the other hand, the sunny light-heartedness of innocence and health beams on many a cheek, and irradiates many a heart. There is none so dull as not to recognise its presence, or so brutal as not to rejoice in its influence. Here, therefore, the poet's task is easier and more intelligible, but we are not on that account to infer that he entered upon it with less pleasure, or executed it with less care. A hundred merry hearts echo the Allegro for one which can sympathise in the mystic sublimity of the Penseroso.

WHERE IS YOUR HAME, MY BONNIE BIRD?

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

"WHERE is your hame, my bonnie bird,
That sings the lee-lang day,
And wherefore chant ye wi' a voice
Sae lightsome an' sae gay?
Wha is't that hears the merry peal
Your sweet voice pours amain,
And wha's the bird on yonder bough
That answering sings again?"
"I hae a bonnie hame, gudewife,
A hame on yonder tree;
An' it's my sweet mate frae out her nest
That sings again to me.
An' oh, I chant the lee-lang day,
That my bonnie mate may hear;
An' the callow young aneath her wing
May ken that I am near."

II.

"Whence do ye come, my bonnie hound,
Wi' footstep like the fawn;
An' whither, whither hae ye been
Sin I missed ye at the dawn?

Oh, did ye gae the game to track,
Or hear the laverock sing;
Or did ye gae the deer to chase,
Or plover on the wing?"
"Oh, I hae been to the field, gudewife,
Where the warriors brave are sleeping,
And sadly ower each clay-cauld breast
Their little ones are weeping.
I did na track the fallow deer,
Nor chase the winged prey;
But I drove the vulture frae the dead,
An' scared the wolf away."

III.

"And why gae ye sae sad, my heart,
An' fill the woods wi' sighing;
An' why think ye o' the battle-field,
Where the clay-cauld dead are lying?
An' why beneath the auld aik tree
Do ye pour the saut, saut tear;
An' aye alane mak dolesome mane,
An' groan when nane are near?"
"Oh, I maun greet, thou waefu' soul,
An' oh, but I maun mourn,
And ever pour the saut, saut tear,
For them that ne'er return.
Three lie on yonder battle-field,
An' twa 'neath yonder tree:
O' five braw sons that I hae borne,
Nane, nane is left to me."

E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

Mr. E. V. Rippingille, although he has long enjoyed a high reputation among his brother artists, has been but slenderly appreciated by the public at large. To the frequenters of exhibitions he is known chiefly by his admirable pictures of "The Post Office," "The Recruiting Party," "The Ordeal by Touch," and "Going to the Fair." He has, however, contributed but little to either the Royal Academy or British Institution; and the circumstance of his pictures having rarely or ever been engraved, has considerably diminished his opportunities of acquiring the popularity to which his merits so indisputably entitle him. Perhaps his works, although remarkable for discrimination of character, and elaborate beauty of execution, are, for the most part, painted in too low a tone to admit of their being translated to black and white advantageously. Certain it is, that he seldom superadds to the naked truth of his delineations those embellishments which are so necessary to satisfy the refined and somewhat fastidious taste of modern times. His rustics are mere rustics, and nothing more; they are invested in a remarkable degree with the peculiar character the painter desires to assign to them, but he rarely attempts to "catch a grace" not directly warranted by his subject. He presents Nature, in short,

As truth will have her and as bards will not.

However the slightest touch of his pencil might dignify the features of his heroine, he cannot be prevailed upon to bestow it upon them, if he fancies that by so doing he shall deprive them of one iota of the reality which it is the striking characteristic of his art to depict.

In most other painters, nature is almost invariably modified in such a manner as to enable a critical eye to identify the touch at a glance. Mr. Rippingille disclaims those accessories, which taste might otherwise suggest, as a sort of treason to his art. In the design which accompanies this notice, for example, he has presented us with a simple portrait of a Fisher Girl of Calais; copied, no doubt, with scrupulous fidelity from the life. There is no grace of landscape or other accessory to detract a moment's attention from the figure. The neighbourhood is as barren as her day's toil would appear to have been; the sky as gloomy as her own sad thoughts. Her story needs no other chroniclers than her countenance, her attitude, and her empty basket. Her father's labours have proved unsuccessful, and her wonted aid is not needed to assist him in conveying to his cottage the scanty contents of his net. There she stands, fatigued with the toils of the day (for she has had her own hard duties to fulfil before she could venture on the accustomed errand), her empty basket, the melancholy evidence of her disappointment, by her side, not

> Ruminating, sad, the morrow's toil;

for her occupation — the sale of her father's fish at the next day's market — is in part destroyed; but musing sadly on the disappointment which his want of success will necessarily inflict upon her family at home. A bright sky, or a smiling scene, would have ill accorded with the sentiment it is obviously the painter's object to convey. This is, indeed,

E.V. Rippingille. pinxt

P. Lightfoot. sculpt

FISHER GIRL OF CALAIS.

London published [illegible] 183[illegible] for the Proprietor by Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane

" to stoop to truth," and moralise (not " the song," but) the picture.

But Mr. Rippingille is not only a good painter; he is an excellent critic on art. We remember to have heard him deliver a series of lectures on painting, a few years ago, abounding in acute remark, and justifying the belief that he possesses a scientific knowledge of his profession. The atmosphere of Bristol does not appear to be congenial to the Fine Arts. Excepting by one or two noble-spirited collectors (among whom it would be an injustice not to mention Mr. Ackerman), Mr. Rippingille, like Mr. Danby and Mr. Bailey, both natives of that city, seems to have met with but little encouragement from the Bristolians. He has accordingly removed to the metropolis, in which he at present resides.

THE GRECIAN GARDEN.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

'Tis lonely as my own sad heart,
'Tis silent as my own still lute,
Fair garden—lovely as thou art,
Thy walks are lorn, thy songs are mute.
The sun-set's melancholy beam
Falls o'er thy vases' sculptured snow,
These urns for roses made, now seem
As if the dead were laid below.

II.

The statues wear a sterner brow
Than they were wont to wear of old;
The blossoms, drooping from the bough,
Leave half sweet summer's tale untold.
Droop, droop, pale flowers, for ye are mine;
Your early doom my own will be;
Give me some sympathising sign
That nature sorroweth with me.

F. Danby R.A. pinx[t]

W. Hill, sculp[t]

ANCIENT GARDEN.

Printed by E. Braun

London, Published. Nov[r] 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & C[o] Ave Maria Lane.

III.

Ah! folly — yonder solemn sky
Is not for pity, but for prayer;
And Nature's universal eye
Weeps not, though one wrung heart despair.
Oh wind! that with a noiseless wing
Art wandering 'mid the olive grove,
In vain I ask of thee to bring
Some solace for my grief and love.

IV.

Let echo, by thy voice, reveal
All I would ask the wind to tell;
Echo might surely pity feel,
For sorrow she hath known so well.
Ah! bring me one beloved face,
Ah! breathe me one beloved name:
I wish I could one moment trace
His path of fortune, and of fame.

V.

Yet wherefore should I seek to know
The path that I may never share;
Oh! flower, that for the sun dost blow,
Say thou how dear is such fond care.
Life cannot fling again the gleam
First flung on morning's glancing tide;
I'd rather keep its sweet sad dream
Than win a waking world beside.

VI.

How often in his purple wine
He's bathed the red rose from my hair,
And said, " The cup is pale, love mine!
Unless what breathes of thee be there."
When others in his halls rejoice,
And wake the lute, and lead the choir
Ah! does he miss Ione's voice,
And does he miss Ione's lyre?

VII.

I will not call him false, but changed;
Some change the wanderer may restore;
Alas! the heart, when once estranged,
Returns to its first faith no more.
I only ask to weep apart, —
Reproach I scorn, — regret is vain;
Yet, idol of my dreaming heart,
You 'll never be so loved again.

THE MAISON DE FORCE.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

Alexis Gavin and Michael Dortheim, both Catholics, and natives of the city of Fribourg, were rivals in love. From the first, however, Eleanor Ulheim, the object of their passion, gave her affections to Alexis; and, by every means in her power, sought to discourage the persecuting addresses of Michael.

The accepted lover was a slight young man, with dark eyes, black hair, and a swarthy complexion; sudden and irritable in temper, and somewhat inclined to melancholy; but otherwise of a gentle and amiable character. His rival formed a striking contrast: tall and muscular in person, and blessed with robust health, he was addicted to boisterous mirth; and, relying on the superiority of his physical powers, often indulged in personalities which, in a less redoubtable individual, would have provoked personal chastisement. He was, nevertheless, far from being deficient in comeliness. Fair and florid, with large blue eyes, and features of a handsome cast, he was generally considered a striking man at a distance; but when engaged in conversation, exhibited a certain coarseness of mind, and bluntness and harshness of manner, which have been sometimes confounded, by superficial observers, with the overbearing impetuosity of enthusiasm.

Belonging both to the middle classes — Alexis being the son of an advocate, and Michael of a merchant — they constantly met in those confined dull circles which constitute what is called "society" in a small city. Neither of them possessed any great mental resources: cards, scandal, drinking, and other petty excitements usually coveted by the vulgar, helped to consume the listless hours not devoted to business. But there was this difference: under more favourable circumstances, Alexis would probably have exhibited considerable talent, and been actuated by more generous sentiments; while his rival was clearly formed to move in no higher circle than the one he occupied.

In the rencontres rendered inevitable by their situation, Michael, incited by envy and jealousy, constantly sought occasions of quarrel with his rival; attacking him with insolent banter and malicious insinuations, which the other repelled with bitter sarcasms, in a tone of triumph infinitely galling. Boiling with the indignation thus excited, they one evening abruptly quitted a party where they had been drinking and smoking for several hours. Alexis, irritated by the sneering gibes of his rival, departed alone in anger, inwardly resolved to abstain, for the future, from the company of those whom such exhibitions of insolence and low wit could amuse. Some rain had fallen in the beginning of the night; but the clouds had now broken into patches, which passed rapidly over the moon, alternately obscuring and revealing the grotesque features of the city. Being extremely irritated, he felt no inclination to go home, but strolled from street to street, without any precise object; but at length, under the influence of the night, his perturbation subsided, and he began coolly to reflect on the imprudence of frequenting parties where he was sure to be persecuted by the revengeful disposition of a man whose pride he had un-

intentionally wounded. Engaged in meditations of this kind, he entered the Rue Gauche — so called because it turns off from the market-place towards the left — but had not proceeded above a hundred yards, when he perceived Michael, with two or three of his companions, coming towards him. Though his rival was in the middle when they first came in sight, he observed him, as they advanced, change places, and take his station on the side next Alexis. This movement putting him on his guard, he walked boldly up the street, and as he drew near, heard them whisper with a suppressed laugh to each other. At the same time they kept so close to the wall as to allow him no room to pass; while Michael, staring him impudently in the face, burst into an affected laugh, and said, "Who is this knight-errant that runs tilt against a whole company?"

"Gentlemen," replied Alexis, "there is not one of you whom I dare not face by day in any manner whatever; but methinks this is neither the place nor time to display your courage — four to one."

Upon this they retreated from the wall, as if to allow him a passage. He no sooner attempted to advance, however, than Michael, drawing his companions after him, rushed sideways towards the spot; but instead of striking against Alexis, as he had intended, ran against the corner of a porch, and received a rather severe contusion on the forehead.

Alexis continued his walk; but Michael, doubly irritated by the blow his own folly had inflicted on him, and the suspicion that his hated rival was then proceeding to the house of Eleanor, which lay in that direction, proposed to return, that he might wreak his vengeance upon him. But this his companions refused. He then hastily withdrew his arm; and wishing them a good night, observed, with an oath, that he

would not sleep until he should have beaten and insulted him. For some time, observing he was extremely agitated, they endeavoured to detain him, and combated his resolution, reminding him that other and more eligible opportunities would offer themselves; but at length he broke from them hastily, and ran down the street in pursuit of his enemy.

By this time Alexis had turned into the Rue de la Boulangerie, in the direction of his own home. He was walking slowly, thinking of the insult he had just received, and determining to be avenged; but hearing footsteps behind him, turned round quickly, just as Michael was raising his umbrella to strike him. He started back; and having a small sword cane in his hand, drew the weapon, and bid his antagonist have a care, for that, if struck, he should certainly use it. "Hand to hand," said he, "perhaps I am not a match for you. Upon this you presume; but, mark me, I will not, on that account, suffer myself to be beaten like a slave. If you strike me, therefore, I will wash out the insult with your blood."

"Who fears thee, puny stripling?" replied Michael: "with this umbrella I would rout a regiment of such popinjays. Take that, and do thy worst!" aiming a blow at him with the words; but, missing his aim, he stumbled and fell. Alexis took no advantage of this accident; nor, affecting a generosity he did not feel, did he attempt to raise him; but the other was quickly on his feet, and, pressing on his enemy, struck him a severe blow in the face. In a moment he felt the grasp of his rival at his throat; and before he could exert his superior strength to shake him off, the sword had entered his body to the hilt, and with an imprecation and a groan, he rolled lifeless on the ground.

Perceiving what he had done, Alexis threw away the weapon with horror, and leaving the body where it lay,

hastened home, where he sought in vain to conceal himself in sleep from the furies which haunt the shedder of blood. Next morning the body of Michael Dortheim was discovered weltering in its gore; and too many circumstances concurred to direct suspicion towards the assassin. Just as M. Jaques Philippe Gavin, the father, was entering the breakfast parlour, two gendarmes knocked at the door, demanding to see him. "Show them in," said he; "they can have no particular business with me." The men, however, refused to explain what they came about in the presence of his family; observing, it was necessary they should speak with him alone in his office, and that immediately. "It is extremely strange," said M. Gavin, desiring them to follow him.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "what is your business?"

"Our business," replied one of the gendarmes, offended at his haughty air, "is to arrest your son Alexis, on suspicion of murder. We wished to execute our orders with all due consideration for your rank as a gentleman, and for your feelings as a father; but this your overbearing manners will not permit."

"Murder!" exclaimed the father: "pray explain yourself more clearly. There must be some error. He is more gentle than a lamb."

"Nevertheless, he is accused," said the gendarmes, "of having stabbed Michael Dortheim last night in the street; and a sword stick, supposed to be his, was found near the body. We must, therefore, take him into custody. If he be in the breakfast parlour, it may be advisable to send for him into this room."

"He is not yet risen," replied the father, greatly alarmed.

"Then it is our duty," said the gendarmes, with strengthened suspicion, "to take him from his bed. You must order a servant to conduct us to his chamber."

The old man was now about to retire, saying, he would cause one of his domestics to attend them; but this they opposed, observing, they could not connive at any attempt at defeating the ends of justice.

"You must permit us," said they, "to go with you, or give your commands in our presence."

"Am I your prisoner, then?" said he: "or if not, are my movements to be obstructed in my own house?"

"Neither the one nor the other, sir; but our orders are to arrest your son immediately; and even the consideration we have already shown would, you well know, be quite sufficient, if discovered, to cause our dismissal and ruin."

Seeing no chance of eluding their vigilance, he rung for a servant; and, when he appeared, commanded him to awaken Alexis, and desire him to descend; at the same time looking significantly at the officers of justice.

"You will excuse us, sir," said they; "but we must ourselves proceed to his chamber. — Lead the way, garçon; the magistrate's orders are imperative."

Upon this the servant obeyed; and M. Gavin, agitated by hope and fear, accompanied the officers. On opening the door of the chamber, which Alexis had left unlocked, they found him sitting, pale and haggard, on the bedside, his face, bosom, and hands stained with blood. Having already come to the resolution to deliver himself up to justice, the moment they entered he exclaimed, "I am the man! Take me away at once: I am ready to endure whatever punishment the laws may inflict upon me, which, how severe soever, will be less intolerable than the stings of conscience. — Ah, father, are you there?"

The old man rushed forward, and threw himself with a flood of tears upon his neck; but Alexis, endeavouring to shrink from his embraces, exclaimed, "Touch me not,

father, I am a murderer; see, there is blood, the blood of a man, upon my hands! Oh, your fond embrace will stifle me."

"No, my son," sobbed forth the father, "thou canst not be a murderer; I have brought thee up in the fear of God; I have taught thee the value of human life; thou art by nature gentle and humane; thou wouldst not, even when a child, trample voluntarily on a worm; thou canst not, thou canst not be a murderer! Some fatal accident, some sudden gust of passion, some chance blow, must have soiled thy hands with blood. Is it not so, is it not so, my son?"

Alexis then related, without reserve or palliation, the whole affair, exactly as it occurred; upon which the father, who thoroughly understood the laws of his country, abandoned all hope, and began to lament over him as already dead. Meanwhile the unusual noise and bustle in Alexis's chamber had attracted the attention of the servants; one of whom informed his brothers, Samuel and Victor, of the visit of the gendarmes, and the manifest perturbation of their father. Without precisely comprehending the nature of the danger, the young men ran up stairs, and entering the chamber just as the narration of what had happened drew to a close, reproached their brother for his pusillanimous confession, declaring that, had they been present, he should never have been permitted so needlessly to disgrace his family. Then turning to the officers of justice, Victor said, —

"You can have no interest, gentlemen, in bringing the grey hairs of my father with dishonour to the grave. It will be sufficient that the magistrates entertain no suspicion of your having acted with too great lenity towards us. You are not compelled, under pain of death, to secure all persons suspected of committing a crime. If you act with promptness and decision it is enough. No one can blame you for

being despatched a moment too late, — for going involuntarily on the wrong scent, — for yielding to the imperious necessity of events, or, in short, for failing to apprehend one whom you could not lay a finger on without the certainty of losing your own lives. Do you comprehend me? I say Alexis shall not be dragged to prison as a murderer. Here are my reasons."

And with these words he threw a heavy purse and an open clasp knife upon the table. After exchanging looks for a moment, one of the gendarmes, pretending not to comprehend the menace implied in his speech and action, edged towards the gold; and laying his broad sleeve upon the purse, which crept into it with marvellous facility, replied, — "Why, as to that matter, monsieur is perfectly right. We cannot answer that he who murders a man over-night shall be found next morning sleeping comfortably in his bed. If, immediately on committing the deed, he makes his escape into another canton, who can lay the blame on us? But if, after our visit, he be seen of the citizens, it is quite a different thing."

"Friend," said Victor, "the case you imagine shall be provided against. By to-morrow morning Alexis will be removed. Return now to the magistrates; while we, on our part, shall not fail to complain loudly of your harsh and insolent conduct, so that you will be accounted the very pillars of justice."

When the gendarmes had retired, Alexis, who appeared overwhelmed with remorse, and suffered them to do with him what they pleased, was conveyed to the cellar, and a mountain of fire-wood carefully piled over him. The father and brothers then secluded themselves in a remote chamber of the house; and sending for their uncle Jean, a rough, determined old farmer, and their cousins Ogay and Paccaud,

they deliberated together on the best means of preserving the honour of the family, and, if possible, the life also of Alexis; though this latter, with all but the father, was a secondary consideration.

To comprehend the feelings by which these respectable individuals were actuated, it will be necessary to glance at the rank and condition of M. Gavin. He was a gentleman of an ancient, if not noble, family, several of whose ancestors had borne high offices in the republic, and distinguished themselves by many notable services in peace and war. He could, indeed, run back with honest pride over the pages of his domestic annals; for even of such of his forefathers as had, from their slothful tempers, abstained from intermeddling with public affairs, none had left behind them a tarnished reputation, or acted unbecoming the dignity of their birth. They were all gentlemen, and either died peaceably in their beds, or in the bed of honour. Not one had been hanged, a distinction which few families in Fribourg could boast of; and, therefore, the more valued by the proud Gavins.

From this moment, should Alexis be apprehended and consigned to the common prison, their high position in society must, however, be resigned. Pitied they, no doubt, might be by many; and all the world would speak of them as "the poor Gavins, whose relation was to be hanged." Even in such large cities as London and Paris, it would be difficult, under similar circumstances, to escape the sympathy of those persons, who never forget any disgraceful calamity that may befall their friends; but, on the contrary, appear to imagine they are fulfilling one of the most pleasing duties of humanity, while harrowing up the feelings, by recalling sorrows which the sufferers themselves may, perhaps, have contrived to cover with the ashes of oblivion. But in a small provincial capital like Fribourg the sting of malicious con-

dolements is more keenly felt. For, as every man shakes hands with the whole city, he who has a son or a brother in gaol, or executed, cannot fail to read in the countenance of every person he meets a significant intimation that the fact is present to his imagination.

Independently, therefore, of those paternal feelings which nature has implanted in the breast of every father, M. Gavin experienced the disturbing influence of the rooted prejudices of society; and his sons and relations, each according to the bias of his character, entertained the same sentiments. They saw the honour of their house menaced with an ineffaceable stain, and all their prospects in life about to be blasted; for henceforth, should Alexis perish by the hands of justice, they would be regarded as the relatives of a murderer; and, to a certain extent, shunned, as suspected of the same sanguinary disposition. If, on the other hand, he should disappear entirely, a belief might be created that he himself had fallen a sacrifice to jealousy or revenge. Rumours might, in fact, be secretly circulated, that Dortheim had murdered him; and afterwards, in the agonies of remorse, committed suicide. Nor would it be a labour of much difficulty to sow these conjectures in the rank soil of the public mind: the vicious, the credulous, all those who hunger after excitement, or love to give birth to it in others, would unconsciously, from the mere bent of their inclinations, concur in giving such ideas currency; and thus the Gavins would rather seem to be themselves persecuted by destiny, than instigated by destructive propensities to inflict injuries on others.

In what way Alexis could be removed was now the question. False pride is often the parent of sanguinary thoughts. Victor, nearly of the same age as Alexis, and formerly his favourite play-fellow, immediately conceived a design, which, as it appeared to present itself to no one but

himself, he at first hesitated to impart: he, however, combated every other proposition. The father's scheme was to convey the unhappy young man into Germany; and either provide for his subsistence by a pension, or enable him to adopt one of the liberal professions. To this, and every other plan which should leave him master of his own actions, the objection was, that his attachment to Eleanor Ulheim would inevitably lead him back to Fribourg, or the neighbouring cantons, where he might be apprehended, and thus all their care and pains be rendered ineffectual. This consideration, and the artfully disguised hints of Victor, awakened the germs of fearful machinations in the minds of all present. But as each at first supposed himself to be the only one who had conceived so dark a scheme, the idea was accompanied by a certain shame and consciousness of superior villany, which restrained the hasty avowal of it. By degrees, the mind acquires a partiality for its offspring, however deformed and odious. Besides, the young toad and the serpent are regarded as beautiful in their own nests; and actions of stupendous moral turpitude, ugly and hateful to the rest of mankind, are probably considered by the jaundiced eyes of their perpetrators as the amiable progeny of characters too heroic to be restrained by the obligations of justice and law.

The trembling caution with which Victor put forward an indication of his secret desires was a strong testimony in favour of human nature: he feared his companions might be less sophisticated, less unscrupulous, less advanced in flagitiousness than himself. He earnestly perused their features. He turned from his brother Samuel, whose countenance bespoke no decided aversion from a project, — the nature of which began to be conjectured — to his cousins, Ogay and Paccaud, where he discovered equal encouragement. Gavin, the uncle, owned a face remarkable for a coarse energy of ex-

pression, the external signs of a character capable, according to circumstances, of being moulded to good or evil; but having more bias towards the latter. His father's features Victor found hard to read. However, with the boldness inspired by ignorance, the mother of crime, he thus clothed in words the sentiments of all: —

"Under ordinary circumstances, I should hesitate to lay open to any person my secret thoughts and opinions; for the roots of prejudice are spread so widely through the soil of society, that scarcely can the smallest spot entirely free from them be found. But laws, and even society itself, are only the inventions of the timid and the feeble, to protect themselves from those whom nature, by endowing them with superior wisdom and energy, clearly points out as designed to be their masters. Where those laws are backed by the united power of the persons in whose interest they were made, it would be folly openly to oppose them; or to indicate, by word or deed, a wish to do so; for it is the part of the sage to yield, with seeming good will, to overwhelming necessity. But when, by any fortuitous combination of events, occasion is afforded of resuming the inalienable right of man to promote his own well-being by every possible means, who but a fool would refuse to avail himself of the favour of fortune? Animals exist for each other's benefit. What creature, therefore, can hesitate to remove another, whose continuance in existence it knows to be incompatible with its own interest, whether that creature be of its own species or not? Society arrogates to itself this right. But what is society? Does it not consist of a number of individuals like ourselves; or, rather, greatly inferior? Numbers, however, cannot alter the nature of justice: that which is lawful for a thousand must be equally lawful for five men; and, doubtless, if five men, cast upon a desert island, should discover one of their num-

ber whose life could only be preserved at the expense of the whole party, they would be considered justified in destroying him. What we might, with the approbation of all mankind, enact upon a desert island, let us not fear to do in Fribourg. Alexis Gavin has killed a man: according to the laws of our country it is just that he should die; nay, more, the laws, unless prevented by us, must infallibly take their course, and he will perish as he deserves. His life, therefore, is forfeited; and every moment of his existence is a reproach to justice. But it is neither just nor necessary that the innocent should suffer for the guilty. Yet, if this assassin be delivered up to the vengeance of the law, if the preliminaries of apprehension, imprisonment, examination, arraignment, and public execution on a scaffold, be suffered to take place, every member of this ancient family will be stricken with infamy, branded as the relative, if not the accomplice, of a murderer. The hell-hounds of calumny, obloquy, insult, contumely, will be let loose upon us; will fasten on our reputation, scare away domestic peace, respect, and all honourable pride, from our dwellings; and only terminate the pursuit when time shall have obliterated our names from the annals of our country; for death itself will be no protection against them. To me, indeed, such an event would be instant perdition; for I will never consent to live a moment after I shall have become an object for the finger of scorn. My proposal, therefore, is, that we take upon ourselves the execution of the laws. By his own confession he is guilty: let him die. Throughout the world, unless where childish prejudices prevail, the decisions of the domestic tribunal are law. In the East, princes cut off their sons or brothers as they would so many wolves, when any danger to the peace of the imperial family is apprehended from their ambition; and parents destroy their daughters when there seems to be no probability

that suitable husbands can be found for them. In ancient Rome, also, fathers sat in judgment on their sons, condemned and executed them; and their conduct has been applauded by posterity. In fact, who will doubt that he who is sentenced by his father and brethren is justly slain? Instead of exceeding the rigour of the law, we should be naturally inclined to soften it. Nothing but imperious necessity, that is, the thorough conviction that his living is incompatible with our continuing to live, could ever compel us to take up arms against him. Now, however, he is to be regarded as a desperate man, rushing upon us with naked sword, whom we must cut down in self-defence. We will, therefore, if my advice be approved, next consult how and when he may most securely be disposed of; for it cannot be disguised that his existence is altogether irreconcileable with the safety of his family."

The power of sophistry is generally derived more from the disposition of the hearers than the art of the speaker; for men willing to be convinced often outrun their instructor, and arrive before him at the desired conclusion. Every one present, except the father, immediately concurred in the views of Victor; upon whom, however, with a wretched endeavour to appease their consciences, they cast all the burden of the deed, though each had, in his heart, contemplated the same design. However, at the idea of assassinating his son, in order to rescue him from the law, M. Gavin was somewhat staggered; and proposed a middle course, which would leave the dealing of the blow to chance. His project was, to carry the young man to Neufchatel, and there compel him to enlist in the service of Prussia, where, if no random ball should reach him, he might exist in humiliation and misery for many years; but without bringing disgrace upon his respectable relations.

Into this scheme Victor and his party made a faint show of entering; and the father, conceiving their apparent acquiescence sufficient to satisfy his conscience, retired hastily from the room, leaving them to deliberate as they pleased after his departure; though he probably saw enough to convince him that the scheme of enlistment was regarded merely as a pretext. But, to keep up an outward show of acting on this suggestion, one of the brothers procured a certificate of Alexis's birth*, while other preparations were made for the journey, as if it had been actually intended he should achieve it.

Meanwhile the poor youth himself, unconscious that his death had been determined upon, lay concealed under the wood, which had been built up loosely about him, with small open spaces for the admission of air. All the regrets which guilt leaves behind, as its stings, in the memory, he keenly felt, and to these were added the pangs necessarily experienced on quitting home for ever; on snapping asunder all the gentler links of affection; on going forth friendless and unaccompanied, save by those bitter remembrances which cling to the unfortunate and the guilty, and render their exile a potion of unmingled bitterness. To elude the grasp of the law, he foresaw it would be necessary to make his escape, as soon as possible, from Fribourg; but how should he be able to tear himself away from the spot that contained his Eleanor, and bid her an eternal adieu?

"And why," thought he, "should this happen? If she loves me, as I question not she does, why should not my home be her home, and my people her people? I will see her once more; her gentle heart, itself ignorant of all guile, will inevitably comprehend my innocence, and consent to

* Acte de Naissance.

share with mine the pangs which fate has made my portion. My humane and generous brothers will no doubt rejoice to relinquish, in my behalf, a part of their inheritance, once by right mine, but now forfeited by my involuntary crime; and I may still not be wholly cut off from happiness, though far from Fribourg."

In thoughts like these he wore away the day, sometimes hoping, at other times despairing; and at length, soon after dark, his uncle Gavin, his brother Victor, and his cousin Ogay, entered the cellar with a light, and began to remove the wood. Not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he was silent; while they, conscious of their evil intentions, felt an instinctive shame and repugnance to address him. It was not, therefore, until he was partly uncovered that he perceived they were his deliverers. "What cheer, Victor?" said he, on seeing his brother: "give me thy hand. Am I safe?" Victor gave him his hand with visible reluctance; and, after a moment's pause, replied, "Come, Alexis, let us hasten hence. Every moment of delay is fraught with danger; for, although thy actual place of retreat is undiscovered, the house has been visited several times during the day, and every means are taken to apprehend thee."

"But where is my father? am I to depart without his blessing?"

"No, no: not without his blessing. But——"

"But what, Victor? Can my father shrink from bidding his son farewell? And my mother?"

"Why, Alexis, art thou in thy senses? Remember, the house is surrounded with spies—even the servants cannot be trusted. Shouldst thou come into the presence of thy father, therefore, still more, of thy mother, and they should give vent, as assuredly they would, to the violence of their sorrow, the gendarmes would burst into the house, thou

wouldst be seized, and all the care and pains we have taken to elude the myrmidons of the law would in a moment be rendered fruitless. The same argument must persuade thee not to seek an interview with Eleanor. Nay, no opposition! We are preserving thee from the fangs of justice, and shall execute our task with unflinching firmness."

"Stay, Victor. I am as yet master of my own life; and may, if I choose, surrender myself into the hands of justice, which I will do, rather than fly without one last adieu from Eleanor."

"Well, I have performed my duty. It is now for thee to decide whether thou wilt plunge thy whole family in never-ending grief, by attempting what is impossible. Foreseeing what thou wouldst desire, I walked to Eleanor's house, and obtained an interview with her, to know in what way she could be brought to see thee, or thee her: but she said it was impossible; that two gendarmes were concealed in their house, and others placed as a watch on her movements, so that she could not take a single step without being followed. 'Tell him,' said she, 'to preserve his life for my sake; that he bears with him my affections wherever he may go, and, if he desires it, I will follow him to the end of the world.'"

"It is enough, Victor: I am ready; let us depart."

Of the brother's statement not one word was true; but, considering it just to commit murder for the honour of his family, the minor crime of lying appeared a virtue when perpetrated in so good a cause.

Gavin and Ogay, who admired the fertility of Victor's imagination, rivalled each other in their zealous corroboration of his account. Indeed, in a more circumspect observer than Alexis, the violence of their asseverations would have excited suspicion; but he was blinded by the frankness of his own nature, and immediately prepared to bid his

home farewell. At their desire he doffed his coat and upper garments; and, putting on the rude costume of the peasantry, — a blue smock-frock like a waggoner, and a slouching ugly cap, — appeared sufficiently disguised to escape detection in a country where all classes of people are distinguished for their stupidity.

With a heart weighed down by the most gloomy presentiments, Alexis bade adieu to the house of his fathers; and passing, with his assassins, through the garden, into a narrow lane behind, the whole party struck into the fields, being desirous of avoiding the great highway at least for an hour or two. Soon after their departure, the moon, now somewhat on the wane, began to rise behind the mountains. Alexis, with a heart agitated by contending emotions, regarded the whole scene with an interest he had never experienced in his happier and more tranquil days: its beauties, like the merits of a friend whom we are about to leave for ever, flashed forth in all their magnificence; or rather, in the golden hues with which the imagination invests distant or fading prospects, as the sun, when sinking beneath the horizon, paints the vast precipitous clouds with unwonted glory. Their road itself lay through a mountainous country, striking and picturesque by day, but doubly so when night broods over it in its poetical loveliness.

During several hours the sky was, at intervals, obscured by clouds, so that little could be seen; but, towards morning, the weather cleared up, and the moon, shining forth brilliantly, brought out all the nobler features of the landscape. Far in the distance, towards the east, the numerous sharp pinnacles of the Bernese Alps, blanched with snow, towered aloft into the sky, while the bright moonlight appeared to repose with pleasure on their glittering summits. Towards the south-west, the sight plunged down a series of deep valleys, partly

lighted up by the moon, partly wrapped in shadow; while one solitary light, from some cottage window, sparkled below among the rocks like a star. Scattered masses of silvery vapour hovered over the distant ravines and lowlands beneath their feet, looking like a broken floor through which the moon's rays penetrated to the earth. Chasms, which, by night, appeared of prodigious depth, stretched along the road, with rapid torrents, whose white foam was once or twice visible between the overhanging pines, roaring and dashing down their rocky beds. Here and there, vast conical mountains, springing up from these abysses, and clothed with preternatural beauty by the moonlight, gave birth to feelings which language knows not how to embody. The stars shone with amazing brightness above, more particularly the constellation of the Great Bear, which Alexis, though accustomed to the clear nights of the Alps, had never before thought so brilliant. But the splendour of the dawn surpassed every thing. The snow-sprinkled peaks of the nearer mountains now appeared to become transparent, while starlight, and moonlight, contrasted with the pale yellow metallic brilliancy of the sky, flushed by the first approaches of morning, diffused over every rock and glen, and stream, and forest, and glacier, a wild, startling, mysterious, unearthly beauty, which electrified the soul. Heaven appeared to touch earth, while Poetry sat enthroned upon the mountains.

Soon after day-break, having passed the frontiers of the canton, they stopped to breakfast. Victor, Gavin, and Ogay, unscared by the horrors they meditated, ate heartily of the rolls, eggs, honey, and sweet fresh butter which their hosts placed before them; but Alexis, after endeavouring to taste the coffee, relinquished the attempt. Presently they again set forward, now freed from the apprehension of immediate pursuit. Delicious Alpine strawberries and raspberries bordered their path

on either side; and the steep slopes of the mountains were, in many places, literally illuminated by the deep red leaves of the *embrock*, a plant peculiar to those elevated regions. But, when the mind is busy with its own thoughts, external nature commands but slight attention. After gazing for a moment, as it were, on the scenes he was quitting for ever, Alexis riveted his attention on the pictures formed by his imagination from the fragments of the past; and, thus engaged, held no communication with his companions.

Towards noon they came in sight of the lake of Neufchâtel, lying like a mass of white vapour, or a beautiful mirage, at the foot of the Jura. Conscious of the horrible design in which that lake was to be their accomplice, Victor and his comrades felt the blood rush from their cheeks as they began to descend the woody, undulating declivity by which it is approached from the east; while Alexis, though ignorant of their intentions, beheld it with an instinctive shudder. Arrived at Estavoyer, they entered a small inn, and ordered refreshments, after which Victor and Ogay left the house, having secretly instructed their uncle in the part he was to act; and from the sequel it would appear that he was an adept in the arts of dissimulation. Skilfully directing the ideas of his nephew into an agreeable channel, by entertaining him with hopes of being speedily joined by Eleanor, he contrived to force upon him two or three glasses of wine, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the young man's previous abstinence. Gradually, as he drank, the sense of his misfortunes forsook him, and lively and agreeable images flitted over his fancy.

In the meanwhile, Victor and Ogay proceeded to the small village of Forel, on the edge of the lake, and, walking slowly along the beach, began to scrutinise the features of the boatmen, in order to discover a person suited to their purpose.

At length, seated in a small light wherry, sharp at either end, they observed a middle-aged man whose countenance pleased them. He was extremely thin, with a lofty forehead, blue eyes, and a large aquiline nose; but his pallid lips were drawn hard over his teeth, and his pointed chin, slightly twisted awry, indicated the predominance of the evil propensities over the good. His dress was extremely wretched, — patched with various colours, and too scanty for his size. A round, shallow canvass hat, covered with pitch, was thrown carelessly on the back of his head, while the haggard wrinkled forehead exposed its dusky bronze to the sun. He appeared lost in thought; but, when hailed from the land by what he supposed to be the voice of passengers, he abruptly started from his reverie, and said, "Step in, gentlemen; my comrade will be here immediately."

"Nay, friend," said Victor, "if you can quit your business for a short time, we would hold some discourse with you on shore."

"For that matter," replied the man, leaping on the beach, "business has quitted me so completely for some time, that my boat is rotting uselessly in the water. I sit where you have seen me from morning till night, without earning a *batz* *; and, then, I have to face my starving wife and children with an empty pocket."

"Well," said Victor, "times may mend. Come along with us: we have money; and, if we find in you the man we are in search of, it may be the better for your fortunes. If I mistake not your countenance, you possess a ready hand and a bold heart."

"I have been where both were called for, gentlemen; and the blood of many a Russ has stained these fingers."

* A small Swiss coin, value three halfpence.

"Ah! that is a proud reflection. Let me shake hands with you, friend. I love the man who hath trampled upon death; who despises our puerile prejudices against putting a sudden stop to the movements of this animal machine; who has not been sophisticated by a hypocritical education, the parent of what we vulgarly call conscience; and rendered cowardly by old women's tales. I would gladly sacrifice the world to become master of so noble a frame of mind; for the man who has reached this sublime pitch of philosophical indifference is master of any man's life, and his own."

"Sir, under the tuition of the same master, you may learn the same indifference for life, whether of others or your own, — I mean, hunger. I have not broken my fast this day."

"Ah, sayest thou so? Well, thou shalt have bread presently. I was saying how much I envied thee the habit of killing men. But it is only to be acquired by practice, I presume: the first time, perhaps, it leaves an unpleasant sensation behind?"

"That depends on circumstances: I have killed — but no matter. What does this conversation tend to, gentlemen?"

"Thou shalt hear presently. I am thwarted in my views by a villain, a murderer, one who hath sought to cut short the days of his parents. Yet circumstances prevent my bringing him to justice. He is, in fact —— but what is thy name, friend?"

"Antoine Sourdain."

"And thou hast children, Sourdain?"

"I have five, Monsieur."

"Go to! Five children, and no bread for them! Well, this villain of whom I spake — this hardened, parricidal wretch — is my brother. Bethink thee of thy children! He is my brother, I say; and, to screen my family from eternal shame, I have risked my life in snatching him from

the hands of justice. But he is so incorrigible a miscreant, that I dare not let him loose upon society: felony, seduction, perjury, parricide,—these are his pastimes. Yet, when thou shalt see him, he will seem to thee as a lamb! Thou hast a wife: now, such is his profligacy, such his accomplished art of seduction, that even the mother of thy children could not remain uncorrupted an hour in his company! And the bread I shall give thee, he would tear from thy hands to cast unto his hounds. Nevertheless, with such a cloak of gentleness and modesty doth he cover his malignity and stupendous guilt, that no man, not thoroughly acquainted with his character, would hesitate to confide his daughter or his life to his keeping."

"Why, such a wretch ought not to be suffered to live! The bottom of the lake is too good for him."

"Would he were there, friend!"

"He may soon be, if Messieurs desire it. I have a comrade and a boat: the beginning of the night will be dark; we can all go on board apparently half drunk, — and accidents constantly happen."

"Friend," said Victor, "there is one objection to this plan. Owing to the artfulness of his character, he has contrived to sow suspicions of me in my father's mind; so that, if any thing were to happen to him while I was in his company, nothing could ever persuade the old man of my innocence. He is, in fact, totally wrapped up in this monster; and, though unable to deny his guilt, shuts his eyes against its enormity. He must, therefore, appear to have made his escape from us: you can take him on board; and whatever befalls him will seem his own act. But he has money, and care must be taken that thou and thy comrade be made his heirs."

"Leave us alone for that; I have rifled many a body on the field."

"Who can doubt it? Thou hast the air of a brave man: but where is thy comrade? I would speak with him. May he be depended on?"

"He is like a rock: leave him to me. I will bring him to Monsieur's hotel in half an hour. At what house do you stop?"

"At the White Eagle at Estavoyer. We will now proceed thither; do thou follow. But stay, here are two francs for thee."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Sourdain, overjoyed at the sight of the money. "I will just buy a loaf for my children, and then be after you immediately with my comrade Boertschy."

When Victor and Ogay arrived at the White Eagle, they found Alexis extremely elevated, drinking, laughing, and talking very animatedly with his uncle. He had, in fact, completely fallen into the snare prepared for him; and it was foreseen that, with a little management, he would, in a short time, be in the condition necessary for the consummation of their plot. They therefore joined him in drinking, not, as might have been expected, for the sake of propping up their resolution with artificial excitement — they were too cool and collected to require any additional stimulus, — but in order to furnish him with an excuse for continuing his excesses. Presently Sourdain and Boertschy arrived at the inn, and, on inquiring for the strangers, were shown into the little back parlour where they sat. Though more than half intoxicated, Alexis, astonished at the appearance of the men, demanded who the fellows were, and what they wanted; to which Victor, casting a significant glance at Sourdain, replied, "They are honest men, brother, and true Switzers. I hope their poverty appears no crime in your eyes. We intend passing over to Neufchâtel in their boat; and, the night being

cold, it seemed an act of humanity to treat them with a little *kirschen-wasser.** However, if you object to their company, they shall be served in the kitchen."

"By no means, Victor. Indeed, I am happy to discover in you any thing like commiseration for the poor." Then, turning to the boatmen, he said, in a tone of jovial good-humour, "Come, sit down, my brave fellows: let me help you to a glass of good brandy, — Cognac, my boys! Here, hold out your hand, old pigmy!" continued he, addressing Boertschy, whose appearance was not a little striking: his height not exceeding four feet nine inches; while his round, bull-dog-shaped face, bold and somewhat projecting forehead, small flat nose, round chin, blue eyes, and chestnut hair, formed a curious contrast with the pale meagre visage of Sourdain. The men accepted his invitation, and, seating themselves at a little distance from the table, seemed sad and disconcerted. Alexis had not yet lost all presence of mind; and thinking, if they were poor, they might perhaps like to eat as well as drink, he called in the waiter, and ordered him to put some cold meat and bread before them. Victor seemed vexed at this; fearing it might have a bad effect. Indeed, he perceived that Sourdain was scarcely able to swallow a morsel, but, rising from the table, after many attempts to eat, said he wished to speak with Victor a moment in private. When they were alone, he protested it would be impossible for him to murder so good-natured a young man.

"In the field," said he, "I shed men's blood without scruple, because they were opposed to me, and sought my life. But I see this is a clearly different affair: for not only does he not injure, he has pitied and relieved me. I am

* *Eau de Cerise*, a spirit distilled from cherries.

in your debt, sir; but you must point out some other means of payment."

"Why, I have mistaken thy character, friend," said Victor: "thou art weaker than a child It is his drunkenness, not he, that pitied and relieved thee. He pities no man. Didst thou not observe, on thy first entrance, how he frowned, and called thee 'fellow?' He shrunk from thee, as if thou hadst been a viper, simply because thou art poor, and hast a ragged garment; he saw hunger in thy face, and he threw a bone before thee, just as men cast worthless offals to a famished dog or a caged wolf, in order to enjoy the sport of seeing him spring upon and devour them. Hadst thou exhibited tokens of a ravenous appetite, he would have laughed and chuckled at the sight, and made thy eagerness the butt of his contemptuous merriment, among his profligate companions, for a month to come, if he were allowed. Nay, thy half-famished wife and children, whose sufferings no one could behold without sympathy, he would seek out and make a show of relieving, only that he might have an excuse for studying their misery, imitating their tremulous voices, and mimicking their languid, tottering gait, in his nightly orgies at the taverns. But I have done. The trifle I have given thee keep: I had hoped to have added this purse, as a provision for thy children; and would still, but that I must employ it elsewhere."

And with these words, he shook the purse, and Sourdain heard the heavy pieces jingle against each other. His poverty got the better of his good feelings; a savage recklessness sprang upon his heart. "Monsieur," he exclaimed, "you have determined me. Let us return. I am ready to drown him this instant."

"Nay," replied Victor, "bethink thee well first; I cannot

again leave the room without exciting his suspicions. Thy present decision, therefore, must be final."

Sourdain again expressed his resolution to go through with the business unflinchingly; and they re-entered the room, where they found Alexis engaged in a warm dispute with Ogay, which had prevented him from being sensible of their absence. The assassins now ate and drank heartily, Victor taking care to supply them abundantly with brandy; and, in less than an hour, it was thought that their victim was no longer in a condition to offer any resistance. Accordingly, they all rose, and, paying the tavern bill, set forward in the direction of Forel. Alexis was led by Ogay and Victor; the elder Gavin having drunk so deeply that he required assistance himself. It was not thought prudent to pass through the village; for, though most of the inhabitants had long retired to rest, some straggler might still be abroad, who would recognise the boatmen. Sourdain, therefore, undertook to go forward, and bring round the wherry to a small woody inlet on an unfrequented part of the shore, whither Boertschy would conduct the party across the fields. They accordingly turned off from the road towards the left, and, descending slowly between scattered copses and clumps of trees, reached the spot shortly after Sourdain had arrived with the boat.

Here Victor, the only sober person in the company, heard a slight rustling in the bushes, and, turning his eye in that direction, thought he perceived something light, like a woman's gown; but, upon imparting the idea to Boertschy, he was assured that no peasant would visit the place in the dark on any account, "since it was here," said he, "that Annette Vogel was murdered by her lover. If you saw any thing, therefore, it was her ghost, which is said sometimes to appear among the bushes, wailing aloud, or pointing to the spot that drank her blood."

Victor, not satisfied with this explanation, desired Boertschy to aid Ogay in supporting Alexis, who was unable to stand alone; and, with a cocked pistol in his hand, proceeded in the direction in which the figure seemed to have appeared. This time, however, he saw nothing, but his ear appeared to detect something like a footstep among the trees. In spite of the materialism of his creed, he was not free from superstition: his heart began to flutter, his knees to tremble; and, wanting the courage to rush forward, he paused to listen. All was still. Not a breath of wind stirred among the leaves. He again advanced: the sound of footsteps once more became audible, moving before him in the darkness. He stopped: the noise ceased. "Fool that I am," said he, "it is the echo of my own footsteps!" and, without further investigation, he returned to his companions.

They had proceeded so slowly in their movements that the moon, though not yet visible above the mountains, began to diffuse its light through the atmosphere; but, as they supposed no eye save their own looked upon the scene, this seemed rather advantageous than otherwise, as it enabled them to see what they were doing. Boertschy now stepped into the boat, and Victor and Ogay assisted him and his comrade in placing Alexis on the stern, where he lay as if already lifeless. The boatmen then pushed off, dipping their oars noiselessly and stealthily into the water, as if they feared the sound; while their three accomplices stood on the brink of the lake, anxiously watching the receding boat, which gradually appeared less and less; and at length the eye sought for it in vain upon the wide expanse of water. Yet Victor and his companions continued gazing in the direction where it had disappeared, like a phantom. They spoke not to each other. A secret dread came over their souls. Evil spirits seemed to be about and within them. They shuddered; their

countenances fell; a flame was kindled in their brain. Yet they still kept their eyes fixed on the same point. At length a black spot became visible on the lake, like a small cloud issuing from its depths. It moved towards them; it increased every moment; it seemed to be a pitchy vapour from hell, bearing along with it the consciousness of murder. The worm that never dieth awoke at its approach. They viewed the boat—its stern was empty—two fiends appeared to be plying the oars. It drew near the shore; and Sourdain, stepping slowly on the beach, demanded in a hollow voice the price of blood.

"Where is he?" asked Victor, wildly.

"At the bottom of the lake, Messieurs," replied Boertschy. "We seized him by the arms and legs, and, as he was too drunk to offer any resistance, we easily plunged him into the water, where he sank like a stone."

"Here!" said Victor, giving them the purse: "you will find the sum agreed on: lead us back to Estavoyer."

Three days after this took place, the body of Alexis, to which the murderers had forgotten to attach any weight, was found floating on the shore, near Chevroux; upon which a young man of Forel came forward, stating that, on the night of the murder, as he was walking with his betrothed bride near the inlet where Annette Vogel was murdered, he saw Sourdain and Boertschy take a man into their boat; that several other persons, unknown to them, remained behind on the shore; that the boatmen rowed out, and soon returned without the man. Hearing nothing of the matter, he had hitherto abstained from coming forward; but his mistress also was now ready to swear to the facts. The boatmen, on being taken into custody, confessed their guilt, and impeached their accomplices; and, the event having taken place in the Canton de Vaud, they were tried

and convicted at Lausanne; where, in 1832, I saw the elder Gavin, then the only survivor, a prisoner in the MAISON DE FORCE.

RESIGNATION.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

WHY mourns my voice? why give I unto death
The last, lone numbers of my calmed heart,
With grief disquieting the lingering breath
Which may not yet from this fair world depart?
Though the sweet fount for me no more should flow—
Though the bright song within me dims and dies;
'T was but the child of sorrow, and doth go
Into that grave wherein its parent lies.
Oh! 't was a perilous gift, and born in tears,
And nursed and nurtured by an anguished breast;
And now, amid its brotherhood of fears,
With scarce a sigh I fold it to its rest;
And, all unheedful of the voice of praise,
Welcome a life of immelodious days.

C. Bentley pinxt

J. Thomas sculpt

VENICE.

SANTE SALUTE.

E. Brain Printer

London, Published 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Co Ave Maria Lane.

VENICE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

Aye, the Ocean has bright daughters,
  Each one a crowned queen;
Whose empire o'er the waters
  A fairy tale has been;
A tale of pomp and glory,
  Of fame on land and sea,
An old historic story,
  Such Venice tells of thee.
The soldier and the sailor
  Were each of them thine own;
The Pilgrim's cheek grew paler,
  Where'er thy name was known.

II.

Where the Ottoman's white crescent
  Arose o'er Christian blood,
Was the winged Lion present,
  To pour a darker flood.
That banner met the morning,
  St. Mark its guard and guide;
Still the battle front adorning,
  His Lion led the tide.

Then resting from his labour,
He sought his place of pride,
For the ataghan and sabre
Were shivered at his side.

III.

Fair Venice, like a beauty,
Arose from out the sea;
The waves, with a sweet duty,
Were proud her slaves to be:
The fleets she sent to rove them
Their empire seemed to know,
With a favouring sky above them,
A subject sea below:
Now sent on warlike sallies,
Now on some richer quest,
The bold Republic's gallies
Were known from east to west.

IV.

Dalmatia's forest highlands
Were searched for slaves and ore;
The soft Ionian Islands
Gave up their summer store;
The olive, fig, and myrtle,
All woods, the sweet and rare;
Silks for the maiden's kirtle,
Pearls for her shining hair;
And myrrh in silver measures,
And spices, oil, and grain,
These heaped the merchant treasures
She brought from off the main.

V.

When the summer day declining,
Sank purple o'er her towers,
How lovely was the shining
Of evening's early hours;
Then beneath the moonlight gliding,
Swept the gondolas along,
While the gondoliers seemed guiding
Their dark barks with a song.
With barcarolles sweet laden,
The wind to music turned;
While the cheek of many a maiden
With conscious crimson burned.

VI.

There was many a princely greeting
On good St. Mark's broad square;
And many a festal meeting
Rejoiced the midnight air;
For her nobles dwelt in palaces,
Whose marble mocked the brine,
And drank from golden chalices
The Cypriot's golden wine.
For she was called "The Pleasant,"
That city of the mask;
Where the light hours of the present
Were sped with lute and flask.

VII.

But her glory is departed,
And her pleasure is no more,
Like a pale queen, broken-hearted,
Left lonely on the shore.

No more the waves are cumbered
With her galleys bold and free;
For her days of pride are numbered,
And she rules no more the sea.
Her sword has left her keeping,
Her prows forget the tide,
And the Adriatic weeping
Wails round his mourning bride.

VIII.

Gloomy, the proud Venetian
Surveys his father's halls,
Where the fading hues of Titian
Yet light the mouldering walls.
For they look reproach and sorrow,
They dreamed not the disgrace
That would darken o'er the morrow
Of the once Patrician race.
In those straits is desolation,
And darkness and dismay—
Venice, no more a nation,
Has owned the stranger's sway.

THE MYTHOLOGIST.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

Astride a stone, an urchin sate, —
  It was a granite grey,
The shaft of a broken pillar, that
  Across the desert lay,
And from the heathen hieroglyph
  He scraped the moss away.

II.

In the city of the hundred gates,
  How should an urchin be,
Where there is neither tent nor kin,
  Nor shade of acacia tree,
But the lost lyre of the Memnon moans
  Softly and solemnly?

III.

The city of the hundred gates!
  The column and the fane,
They look as sad as if they had
  In a place of burial lain;
And the hand of the exhumer
  Had raised them up again.

IV.

The urchin to his moody task
In idiot earnest fell,
With the point of a broken assagay —
The weapon worketh well —
He hath scooped the head of an ibis, and
A holy asphodel.

V.

A Nubian boy he was, and small,
And of a vampire kind,
To guess by the tan upon his limb,
And the leer he threw behind;
And the hair that glossless laboured
Against the gusty wind.

VI.

But ever at his task he plied,
And heartily and brisk,
Till the red sun upon a line
Had laid his lazy disc,
And drew to its last the shadow of
The tapering obelisk.

VII.

Rose up the urchin from his work,
And round the granite grey,
Ran in a lonely circle, like
A little child at play;
And he buried in the yellow sand
His broken assagay.

VIII.

Upon the shaft in low relief,
Against the giant stone,
The ibis and the asphodel
And an old Osiris shone,
And the coil of the serpent-god was there,
And the pale Myronymon.

IX.

An earthen urn the Nubian took,
And through a wasted pile
Ran to the gleaming waters of
The venerable Nile,
Whilst from the flags crept lazily
The heavy crocodile!

X.

Thrice in the stream he dipped the vase,
And thrice the water threw
Over his forehead, and again
The sacred pitcher drew
Under the marge, where tremblingly
The mystic lotus grew.

XI.

Then lightly to the column hied,—
What wills the Nubian there?
The dew fell thick, from a broken cloud,
Cheerless and cold to bear;
And the stars were stealing, one by one,
Into the evening air.

XII.

He laved from the hollow of his hand
  The grey and storied shaft,
And of the cooling pitcher
  In languid leisure quaffed,
And rolled him on the yellow sand,
  And lustily he laughed.

XIII.

Sleep came upon the Nubian boy:
  Like the coil of a snake he twined
His elfish limbs, and on his feet
  His circling head reclined;
He lay, like a load, upon the sand,
  Which a pilgrim had left behind.

XIV.

The fearful form of a mummied one
  Upon his vision stole,
And from its breast the serecloth did
  All curiously unrol;
And the still gaze of the lifeless looked
  Into his very soul.

XV.

It raised the dead-band upward,
  And o'er the urchin bent,
The figured and folded fathoms rose
  In many a mournful rent,
And it swathed around the Nubian boy
  The yellow cerement.

XVI.

He started from his dream; it was
  The first thin dawn of day:
Above the youth, two gleamy snakes
  In tremulous torpor lay;
Their fangs upon his breast were laid,
  And in circles coiled away.

XVII.

They wake not, — must the urchin die?
  A hurried heart is his;
The sun grows red, and there is not
  The murmur of a breeze,
And the sand is like a bed of fire,
  Heated to ten degrees.

XVIII.

He moves not — breathes not — how is this?
  The gaze of his jet-black eye
Is steady as the Memnon's is,
  That leans on his throne close by;
It meets the earnest reptile glance
  Fiercely and fearlessly.

XIX.

The lurid scale along the crest,
  With its gleam of gold and blue,
Falls smoothly, like a blush of flowers
  Reflected in the dew;
Unwreathed is the slender train of life,
  And the folds are far and few.

XX.

All harmless glide the twain away:
  The Nubian boy is free;
He bounds to his feet with a scream of joy;
  Yet how should an urchin be
In the city of the hundred gates,
  'Tis marvellous to me!

XXI.

Thebes lies lonely by the Nile,
  In the garment of a king,
Which hath lain on the anointed ribs,
  A worn, wind-shifted thing!
Which hath held the dead in its finery,
  The bleached and the withering!

XXII.

Thebes lies lonely by the Nile,
  Ages are crushed for ever,
Since the mailed knee of the warrior, with
  His bow and teeming quiver,
And the daughter of the timbrel bent
  To the eternal river!

XXIII.

Thebes lies lonely by the Nile,
  The chaff of the desert runs
Through arches, where the breath of kings
  Gave shape to a thousand ones,
And the roofs rang at the mailed step
  Of their bright battalions.

XXIV.

Why should an urchin wander where
The caved and the quiet be,
And the hair of the sphinx is won from its knot,
Loosely and luringly?
Hath she a new enigma birthed
For such a boy as thee?

XXV.

He looks to Memphis,—"I have not
The panther's peerless eye;
Where are the sepulchres, the coned
Where folded Pharaohs lie?
The carved sarcophagus that holds
The dust of royalty?"

XXVI.

He looks to Heliopolis,
The city of the sun,
The altarage, the idols, that
The wilderness hath won.
Is craft in the shell? go wake to life
Its priestly myrmidon!

XXVII.

The oas is an isle of the sand,
Shining with trees and springs,
For the slumber of love, and the folding-up
Of the idle emu wings;
For the brief dream of the pilgrim in
His perilous wanderings.

XXVIII.

Silently sits the Nubian boy,
  Under a flowery tree;
He drinks the honey from the comb
  Of the wild Afric bee;
He bathes in a fount that runs from a rock
  Coolly and gushingly.

XXIX.

A stately camel over him
  Bendeth its neck of grace;
And you may, upon its burning breast,
  A milk-white circle trace;
It is the best of Araby,
  The goodliest of its race!

XXX.

A moon and more are over since
  The wearied creature laid
Its lips to the water, where it ran
  Below some eastern shade;
And now it laves them joyously
  In a quiet flowery glade.

XXXI.

Toward the trackless wilderness
  It coucheth on the knee;
The Nubian leapeth to its neck,
  "A ring of gold for thee,
To bear me to the happy tents
  Of blessed Araby!"

XXXII.

The breath of the red sirocco is
  Like to the rain of fire,
It shrivels the heart, and under it doth
  The wasted blood retire;
And the cords of life are straitened before
  Its wild and withering ire.

XXXIII.

The breath of the red sirocco is
  All terrible to meet;
For the lip of an evil angel
  Bringeth and guideth it;
And the lordliest and the loveliest
  Fall smitten at its feet.

XXXIV.

There is the corse of a camel,
  At evening, on the sand;
There is the small corse of a boy,
  And in his powerless hand
Is held, for reins, a weed of the Nile,
  Spun to a silky band.

XXXV.

Why to the Theban city went
  The nameless Nubian child?
Was gold in the dream of his boyhood
  Under her pillars piled?
It was a far way for the young,
  The witless and the wild!

G. R. LEWIS.

THE picture from which the accompanying plate was engraved was painted by Mr. Lewis, from a sketch made by him during his picturesque tour with Dr. Dibdin in France and Germany, in 1819. In the neighbourhood of Hof, between Salzburg and St. Gilgin, the peasantry of the country were making a pilgrimage to the monastery of Gottiewig, when they were encountered by the painter and his friend. They came upon them at the precise moment when they were ascending a hill, the summit of which was crowned with a chapel, dedicated to their favourite saint. The scene struck Mr. Lewis as every way worthy of his pencil; and from the sketch taken on that occasion, he produced the beautiful and characteristic picture from which the accompanying engraving has been copied. It forms part of the collection of Mr. Congreve Russell, to whose courtesy we stand indebted for its use on the present occasion.

"Whatever may be thought of the absurdity of such pilgrimages," says Mr. Lewis, "the bodily health of the devotees is at least secured by them. The humble and pious deportment of these poor people, as they enter the precincts of the monastery, is well worthy of observation. No sooner do they approach the shrines which are erected at moderate distances in the course of the ascent, than they fall upon their knees, and with clasped hands bow themselves before the images

G. R. Lewis, pinxt

T. S. Engleheart, sculpt

PILGRIMS.

London, Published Novr 1834, for the Proprietor, by Whittaker & Cº Ave Maria Lane.

ensconced in their respective niches, with the most sincere devotion, and the most confiding faith. On their arrival within the edifice, they proceed to disembarrass themselves of their tributary offerings. After hanging the fragments of their waxen images upon the walls, and putting their money into the poor box, they all assume attitudes of devotion, and continue in prayer for about an hour; after which time, their priests visit them for the purpose of receiving their confessions. The leading observances of their pilgrimage having been thus performed, they consider themselves at liberty to enter into conversation with each other on indifferent subjects, and to indulge in antiquarian researches among the ecclesiastical relics of the neighbourhood. All these ceremonies at an end, they gather together their provisions and their apparel, and set out on their return home; where they arrive invigorated by the exercise they have undergone, and inspirited to fresh exertions in the respective callings in which they are engaged."

Independently of some two hundred drawings made during his tour with Dr. Dibdin, with a view to the illustration of the Doctor's book, Mr. Lewis completed a series of beautiful and highly characteristic sketches, which he etched himself, and published in a separate volume, under the title of "Groups, illustrating the Physiognomy, Manners, and Character of the People of France and Germany;" a work which has long enjoyed a high reputation among his brother artists; not merely for the remarkable fidelity of its details of scenery and costume; but equally so for the characteristic peculiarity and truth of the various groups on which he has exercised his pencil. As an instance of the perseverance by means of which his expertness in catching the minutest traits of character and expression has been attained, we may mention the fact, that we remember to have met with several books filled with

sketches of haymakers and mowers only, in every variety of attitude to which their labours could give rise, from his pencil; each page containing from two to half a dozen groups. It is not singular, therefore, that during his continental trip with Dr. Dibdin, through most of the principal towns in Normandy to Paris, and from Paris to Vienna, through Strasburg, Munich, and the Tyrol, he should have allowed no opportunity to escape him fixing in his sketch-book, not only the scenery, but the costumes and characters of the inhabitants of the various countries through which he travelled. The letter-press descriptions which accompany the plates from these sketches, prove that Mr. Lewis can handle his pen with no less dexterity than his pencil.

To prevent the confusion which so frequently arises in the attempt to identify members of the same profession and name, it may be as well to mention, that Mr. F. C. Lewis, the engraver of so many beautiful prints from Sir Thomas Lawrence's chalk drawings, is the brother of Mr. G. R. Lewis, of whom we are now writing; and that Mr. John Lewis, whose powerful sketches of Spanish subjects and scenery have recently attracted so much attention, is his nephew.

J. W. Packer, sculpt. R.A. pinxt.

Robt. Hart, sculpt.

ITALIAN PEASANT.

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AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

Tyrolese, or Italian; she is either, or both: for she dwelt in Arco,—Arco, that lies in the beautiful and sunny plain of Riva, the Tyrol, or Italy, as you will; hemmed in on one side by the giant Alps that separate the Tyrol from Switzerland; on the other, laved by the tiny waves of the *Lago di Guarda*, whose farther extremity almost touches the classic Verona.

It was in Arco that I saw her. I entered it on the morning of a holyday. The games were already a-foot; the young men were at their pastimes, and the maidens, in twos and threes, and in little rows, were standing by. It was a pretty sight to see so many sweet and sunny faces together: and *hers* was among them; and though not more beautiful, yet distinguished from the rest by a look of placid happiness: not the evanescent pleasure which sparkled in the eyes of others, but that quiet and settled enjoyment which had its untroubled sources in a heart at rest.

It was a simple reward, that which was given to the victor of the games,—a bunch of the purple grape. But by whom were they given? by her who had already given her young heart; satisfied that she had not given it unworthily.

If you go to Arco now, you will look in vain among the holyday faces for hers. You will find her among her own mulberry-trees, or winding the silk for her household use, sitting at her door, happy, and lovely as ever; or spreading her table for one whose footstep she is listening for.

FINIS.

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